

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Whole No. 96

Around Town.

Of civilized mankind the vast majority, no doubt, inwardly believe that the conventionalities with which we surround ourselves individually and collectively are really the deadliest foes to contentment and happiness. In a lifetime devoted entirely to conforming to what people expect one to do and avoiding things which public opinion insists we shall leave undone there is not the slightest doubt but that we wear a yoke which is frequently galling, and occasionally the chains become rankling fetters which sink their festering loys deep into the flesh. Love makes service loyal and endurable and a slave may be reasonably happy if labor and the lack of liberty are lightened by the smile of approbation of the task-master. But when one is a slave of public opinion there is no smile which lightens the load, no reward except of a negative sort, and nothing tells us that we have even succeeded in escaping censure except the fact that we have not been made to feel the lash. Thus it is that people serving this inexorable task-master go through life unassisted by hope of reward and, like the Congo slave, have no object in life except to escape punishment. Of course there are extremely conventional people whose very natures make it impossible for them to be anything else, and we can conceive that with them following the laws laid down by Mrs. Grundy is, if not a pleasure, not an irksome task. It is hard to estimate the relative size and importance of this section, but with instincts decidedly Bohemian and an acquaintanceship somewhat inclined to be unconventional, it seems to me that the naturally punctilious are in a very small minority.

It would not so much matter to us as individuals, or to the world, if the constraints put upon us—by this I mean arbitrary restraints—were merely social, though these are often the most ridiculous. But mentally we are constrained to believe with the majority if they have any well-formulated belief, or to conform to the opinions of those who have a well organized or many-voiced opportunity of expression, for instance, the press and the pulpit. A man must be a giant if alone he can succeed in fighting what the newspapers imagine to be the accepted code, and, indeed, he must be willing to become a living sacrifice if he undertakes, either by precept or example, to begin a campaign even against the most senseless of the accepted theories of the greatest-good-for-the-greatest-number sort. By looking backwards we can see without great experience, or the promptings of a guide book, that the world has not yet found a settled basis upon which every one must stand or be considered a heretic. We have no reason to presume that the night through which we have just slept is the line of darkness through which the world has just passed to find the perfect institutions of to-day, and therefore we must admit the possibility of some of the so-called heresies of to-day being adopted as the truths of tomorrow unless we have reached final perfection of understanding and application. That this is not the idea of the most enlightened and cultured people is proven by the fact that they are the most unconventional, most heretical. Yet it is in these brightest examples that the bondage of conventionality is most conspicuous, for after having thrown off the trammels in some respects, they parade themselves in the sight of the rest of us mortals with half of the harness still on, and that worn as if it were their dearest delight. Another feature which must discourage dreamers who believe that people might be permitted to follow their own instincts, ideas and understanding more fully, is the fact that each class and section of humanity adopt some sort of bondage which they seem to prefer to liberty. This is even true of degraded classes which cannot forget the fact that they were born to do as somebody else tells them, even to the extent of exceeding liberty by making license supreme. If then the worst classes are not content with license, but must observe some conventional system, if the highest do not disregard these things, and the intermediate classes are most bound by them, and the lowest cannot be without them, it must be true that, constituted as we are, conventionalities, inclusive of their absurdities, narrowing influences and oppressions, are absolutely necessary to us. Mentally and socially, at least, we have not outgrown a child-like inclination to seize upon the maternal finger of Mrs. Grundy, and to take refuge in her ample skirts. Very often such seeking for comfort and refuge is caused by cowardice and a desire for concealment, but while these two impulses are as strong in the human make-up as they are, there will have to be a Mrs. Grundy for those who are naturally and continually timorous to slide behind, and for the bravest and least sneaking of the community to occasionally utilize as a model of virtuous propriety. The only reform to be reasonably expected within the generation to which we belong, is that people will not continually be playing the part of a babied boy, who instead of playing ball with his companions, is hanging, whining, slobbering and afraid at the apron strings of his mother. The fact, however, is to be regretted that almost without exception the most adult and capable of the sons and daughters of this whirling earth still have to escape the maternal spanking by cuddling in the lap of this capricious old Dame Grundy, who is always the mother of Hypocrisy and the stepmother of Tyranny.

Public opinion is a queer and immovable thing sometimes; again it is a perfect cyclone.

Now we see it with its eyes tightly closed to the sins—the greedy, murderous, covetous and most heartless sins of men and communities; again the transgression of one uncertain man, or one weak woman, arouses a tempest of wrath only to be appeased by the shedding of blood or the lifelong torture of a victim. Look for instance, on the incident in Kansas this week when a mob strung up to a tree a man and his wife because they were suspected of having killed a child. The mob's fierce belief in the guilt of the prisoners seems to have been irresistible; so great, in fact, that the accused woman confessed to having committed the murder. One can scarcely imagine such a wave of public opinion that innocent suspects were themselves almost convinced of their guilt! The child was found alive and unharmed, and the mob possibly felt sorry, though the chances are that they all went home, hugging to their hearts the idea that it was hatred of

about him. He decided, no doubt, that he could be happy with the woman he loved, even if the mother church cast him out. Miss Brady was also of opinion that the loving companionship of Father Butler would be enough. They were married four years ago, two babies came to them, though one child soon afterwards died. Their life was a chapter of misery, the intensity of which may be slightly appreciated when we know what penance Father Butler has elected to inflict in its stead. Their small means were soon exhausted, but no one would give him employment. He was spurned by Protestant and Catholic alike. He wandered with his wife into strange towns, but his identity was discovered and he was driven out. Even the job of driving a street car which he got for a few days was taken away from him when they found out that he had been a priest and had forsaken his vows in order to marry the woman he loved. With

when by their compliance with the conventionalities imposed upon them by those in authority they are made the objects of derision. Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, and John G. Shea of New York, (an eminent historian) particularly, and in a lesser degree Mayor Brownson of Detroit and a large number of other prominent gentlemen are preparing papers to be read at the Baltimore Congress of Roman Catholic laymen next November. They have been required to submit their manuscripts to a committee of bishops for examination and revision. The utter absurdity of having a convention of laymen in which nothing is to be said but that which pleases the bishop is obvious. Even the definition which has been given of a convention, "that it is a place where people meet to be told what they believe," is not broad enough to cover such a farce as the one to which I refer, for in political conventions the leading men of the various

reading a paper in which he denied the existence of a personal devil, and affirmed his belief that the Scripture passages referring to such a person are figurative and not literal. The paper caused a stampede, and the brethren rose up almost as one man in a storm of unfavorable criticism akin to denunciation. I cannot see why belief in a personal devil is necessary to the existence of the Baptist Church or any other church. If Christians believe in a devil "going about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," personally whispering in the ears of people and taking uninvited possession of them, they certainly should be at liberty to entertain the astounding dogma, but if some of them are unable to grasp the idea of a soot-covered gentleman, with cloven feet, horns and sulphurous breath, it does not seem to me it would impair their citizenship or detract from their belief in God. Indeed it seems natural to those who look at it from an unconventional standpoint, that if there were such a devil the Almighty would tie him up and keep him from leading people astray. We know how much excitement has been caused by the recent escape of three dangerous burglars from Toronto jail, and the efforts which have been made for their recapture; and it is not easy for the ordinary mind to grasp why something which is very promptly attended to in our earthly economy, should be neglected by Divinity when the person at large is seeking to do damage which is incomparably greater than burglary. We can understand, however, that if mankind were only capable of doing good we should cease to be men and should become angels, and that to be men we must have both good and bad impulses and opportunities which are always more or less at war with one another, and that thus every man is more or less his own devil. I think the doctrine of a personal devil is dangerous. It exalts the Evil Being to a position almost co-equal with God himself. In fact looking around the earth it strikes us sometimes as if the devil were the more influential of the two, if his success in directing the movements of mortals is to be accepted as a criterion. On the other hand, however, if our eyes are turned Godward we cannot fail to observe the beneficence of the Creator, and how many beautiful things and delightful experiences are offered us with no one to blame but ourselves if we reject them. I may be very heterodox on this point but I don't see what good any one would accomplish by convincing me of the existence of a monster upon whom I could lay the blame of my misdeeds. I think the personal devil idea is a half-brother to the fire and brimstone doctrine, a pagan, rather than a Christian conception of God and his plans, and I think the sooner they are both retired from the service of trying to scare people into heaven the better. If there is not good enough in the human heart to be attracted to God and goodness without the impulse of fear created by the preaching of these two hideous doctrines, there is not enough worth saving and evil will be its choice, anyway. And, again, there is not good enough in any mortal, nor strength enough, to resist the blandishments of the alleged personal devil were he to exert the whole of his traditional power in an attempt to lure one into crime. The devil indeed thought himself strong enough to tempt Christ, and it is historical that one of His greatest victories was in resisting the offer the Evil One made Him of "all the kingdoms of the world if He would fall down and worship him." A proposition of that kind would catch the majority of Christians in Toronto, even if the amount of real estate to be conveyed were much smaller. It may be alleged that we have been empowered by the great victory of our Mediator to resist such temptations by saying: "Get thee behind me, Satan" and it is suggested somewhere that we will let go his hold of us, but the pertinacity with which he is alleged to cling to those whom he proposes to ruin suggests to every mind, no matter whether it be changed by grace or not, that somehow we have never learned properly to say these words so as to cause his Satanic majesty to take flight. Verily, if I believed in a personal devil I would pray to be kept hidden lest he might take a fancy to me, yet the Baptist preachers of Chicago feel it necessary to believe in him. Probably if I lived in Chicago and saw as much wickedness as the Baptist brethren do I would be constrained to believe likewise. It is the only reasonable explanation of their faith.



THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

From the Lady's Pictorial.

the crime rather than mere passionate impulse, which had so nearly led them to murder two innocent people. A still more striking example of how impossible it is for people to run counter to established usages and the convictions of the multitude was furnished by the recent return of Father Butler to the church which had excommunicated him because while acting as assistant priest in St. Bridget's Catholic Church in Jersey City, and, in spite of his vow of celibacy, he married one Mary Theresa Brady, of the neighboring parish of St. Mary. It is announced that he will spend the remainder of his life in some monastic retreat where his days and nights will be filled with penances imposed upon him for the sin of doing what every other man feels like doing, and where his desire for companionship—woman's companionship—which is the next strongest of our impulses to that of self preservation, must be crucified every day and made more intense by the absence even of the face of his fellow man. Father Butler was a brilliant young priest and intensely popular in his parish, kind to the poor and showing a loving helpfulness to those

such surroundings it is easy to see that love would not be a joy to survive, and when that for which he had sacrificed everything had turned to ashes on his lips he wrote to his bishop and threw himself on the mercy of the church.

There is an old, and in these later days a much discredited saying of "All for love and the world well lost," but I reckon if those who sacrifice all their world for love were to express their opinions, few if any of them would say that they had not made a foolish bargain. We may possibly get along without the approbation of the world we live in but we cannot be happy while enduring its perpetual frown nor survive if day after day is to be the history of a conflict with those who either for cause or intense prejudice despise us and look upon us as castaways.

Referring to the phase of this question which deals with men of the highest culture and standing we find two very conspicuous examples who dare not revolt against well organized religious and public opinion, even

elements unite to lead the masses, while in this convention of laymen, managed by ecclesiastics, the laymen are simply told they have no right to believe in anything, nor to say anything, nor to be anything but the humble disciples of those whom one might fairly presume they had intended to criticize. The Baltimore *Mirror*, a leading Catholic organ, protests against this ecclesiastical censorship as a piece of gratuitous meddlesomeness, and remarks: "If the laymen are only to say what the bishops permit them to say they might as well, and better, stay at home." Of course we understand that the Church claims that everything comes under its authority but if the laymen accept this why in the name of wind pudding do they have a Congress?

But if this sort of thing seems strange to us Protestants, similar inconsistencies amongst those of our own faith strike our Catholic neighbors as being quite as odd. Last Monday the Baptist clergymen of Chicago held their regular meeting, and Rev. Mr. Barbour of the Belden avenue Church created a sensation by

Speaking of the escape of those notorious criminals from Toronto jail suggests the miserable system we have of appointing political favorites or the sons of politicians to shrievalties and similar offices of trust. The sheriff's officer in charge of the prisoners was frequently warned to let no one have any communication with the desperadoes. The detectives and professional thiefcatchers knew what would be the result, but the warnings were of no avail, and friends of the criminals were apparently permitted to supply them with saws and tools which enabled them to escape. How different was the character of Detective Slemm, who jumped from the train in the darkness and pursued these well-known and murderous burglars, undaunted by fear of being killed, thoughtful of nothing but doing his duty! If men of that sort were sheriffs and deputy-sheriffs instead of the office being held by political favorites who draw large salaries and entrust the work to incompetent subordinates we should have fewer episodes of similar character to chronicle.

Very proper indignation is being manifested by the graduates of Toronto University that, when a professor's chair is vacant, the authorities look abroad for talent rather than canvass amongst their own men for the ability and culture requisite. If the younger Canadians are always to be set upon in this way, and colleges, which are not the peers of our University, are to be selected as the training school for our professors, while our own University is to be held as a second-class preparatory school, we cannot expect to find the enthusiasm which must exist in a successful educational center. We are getting altogether too much politics in our University, and too little national and educational self-esteem. Moreover, it is not necessary to the well-being of our educational institutions that doctors of divinity be called in to decide who is fit to teach metaphysics.

The report of Col. Gzowski and Mr. Shanly as to the E-planade problem agrees in many respects with that made by Mr. Wellington for the Board of Trade. In some of the details I think the Gzowski-Shanly report is preferable to the other, though in spite of both, many people still cling to the arch-way idea, with warehouses underneath. The railroads having become familiarized with the project, will doubtless make suggestions and supplementary plans from which the city and Citizens' Association and those concerned in the solution of this important question can evolve a final and satisfactory scheme. It need not be feared by the citizens that the association bearing their name or the Board of Trade or the City Council are inert because they are not noisy in this matter. The affair is, I believe, being properly conducted for a permanent and thoughtful solution as regards the E-planade, but I very much regret to see that the Don improvements and the railway entrance along the bank of the channel have not been considered in connection with the other. The more I have looked into the matter within the last few weeks the more firmly convinced am I that the bridges and railway lines crossing and parallel to the channel will have to be arranged both as to location and elevation in conjunction with the work on the E-planade. Otherwise the city will be the loser and the Don improvement will be rendered almost valueless.

The cost of neglecting in Quebec what the engineers had decided necessary has not yet been computed either in dollars or the lives which have been sacrificed. The disaster was so overwhelming that it needs no comment, and the neglect which was the cause of it is such as scarcely deserves forgiveness. The scenes in connection with it have been so harrowing that those who are responsible must find their own punishment in viewing the catastrophe which in effect they have caused.

Three score of our leading citizens have petitioned for the use of the Board of Trade council chamber with the idea of considering the advisability of organizing a company for the construction, in a central location, of a modern first-class, fire-proof hotel. They urge that, "The commercial importance of the city of Toronto seems to demand that we have in addition to our already comfortable hotels—a hotel of larger proportions and constructed upon the latest principles known to architectural science for the comfort and convenience of its guests." W. D. Matthews, president of the Board of Trade, has appointed Tuesday, October 1, eight o'clock p.m., as a convenient date and hour for the holding of the meeting and it is to be hoped that the project will meet with the approbation of business people and investors.

Social and Personal.

The rumors to which I alluded last week, have taken definite form; the when and the where of the first dance of the season is no longer doubtful, and cards are out for the event. There are but few among Toronto hostesses who are as capable of presiding on so important an occasion as Mrs. Nordheimer, while there is hardly another house in the city that is more admirably adapted to a ball than Glendyeth, her fine residence on the Rosedale heights. The number of debutantes is said to be even larger this year than last. The night of Tuesday, October 1, will be memorable to many of them. If I am not mistaken, it is nearly five years since Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer gave their last ball. I remember the night well; it was bitterly cold, with the sleighing excellent, and the drive from town and home again, was not the least pleasant part of a very delightful evening. But when I begin to recall the names of those who were present, and to consider how few of the same people will be at Glendyeth next Tuesday, I am led to mourn that the life of a society belle in Toronto is, comparatively, so brief and butterfly-like. Perhaps I should rejoice that so few of the belles of 1885 are still with us, at least in a single state, for here is evidence that the matrimonial market of Toronto is a good one. Mrs. Nordheimer's cards name 8.30 as the hour, but I shall be surprised if her guests so far depart from their most invariable rule as to put in an appearance much before ten.

Miss Campbell left town again last week for Strathallan, but was expected to return to Government House at the end of this week.

Mr. G. E. Drummond of Montreal, a former resident here, was in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McNaught of Rosedale have returned to town after an absence of nearly two years. Mr. and Mrs. McNaught have spent most of their time in England and Scotland but have also traveled in France, Switzerland and Italy.

Mr. Charles Bryant of London, England, was in town this week.

The Messrs. Coleman of Wisconsin have been staying with friends on John street, and must have found Toronto as pleasant a place, socially, as have formerly so many of their countrymen.

Mr. Reginald Thomas, the Parisian, was in town last week. Mr. Thomas does not seem to be absorbed by the fascinations of his present

place of abode, and frequently revisits his old haunts.

Mr. and Mrs. Durant of Parkdale have returned to town. They came out by the White Star Line. The greater part of their time on the other side of the Atlantic was spent in Norway.

Dr. Collin Campbell of Carbrooke, Queen's Park, has returned from New York and will spend some weeks in town. Dr. Campbell talks of leaving for England next month, in order to practice his profession in the Old Country.

Mr. Rooke of Detroit, Mich., has been staying with relations in town. Mr. Rooke left on Saturday for Montreal.

Mr. Pinhorn, a brother of Mrs. J. K. Kerr, has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Kerr at Rathnelly. Mr. Pinhorn has been ranching in the far west. If the faculty of sitting a horse to perfection goes towards a proper understanding of the right way to breed and sell the animal, Mr. Pinhorn should succeed, as many an assistant at former riding parties will testify.

Mr. Napier Robinson of Belleville has been spending a few days at Sleepy Hollow. Mr. Robinson must be becoming reconciled to his present place of residence, for his visits to his native city are few and far between.

Miss Carpmel, a niece of Prof. Carpmel of the Observatory, has come out from England to spend a winter with the latter gentleman. It is to be hoped that the lady may be enabled to direct the efforts of the learned "clerk of the weather" in the right way, and that, by her aid, "Old Probs." may deal gently with us in the coming winter.

And, talking about winter, I hear that Mr. R. Fox, the honorary secretary of the Toronto Sleighbing Club and the mainstay of that institution, leaves shortly for England for a stay of some months. I hope that it will be possible to find a substitute only half as efficient as this gentleman in his important official duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gordon and the Misses Gordon have returned to town after a long journey to and from the western coast, and after a thorough exploration of British Columbia. A voyage to Alaska has also been included in the travels of this lady and gentleman.

Professor Hutton of the Toronto University, and Mrs. Hutton, arrived this week from England via Montreal, and are once more in occupation of their house in the Queen's Park.

Mr. Sedgewick of Harrow College, England, is in town.

Mr. Symonds has left for Montreal, where he will reside for the future; thus will be missing a face long familiar in Toronto society.

There has been of late a lack of those engagements in which society is especially interested. There was a great rush of them in the spring, but many desirable parties have yet to find their fate.

The Metropolitan Church was well-filled Wednesday at noon, to witness the marriage of Mr. J. W. Fraser of the Bank of Toronto, to Miss Florence Maud Cook. The ceremony was performed by Rev. LeRoy Hooker, the bride being given away by her father. After the ceremony the guests, numbering about a hundred and fifty, repaired to the house of the bride's father, where the splendidly-appointed wedding breakfast awaited them. The house was decorated throughout with flowers; the drawing-room mantel was a bank of roses, and the vestibule entrance was draped with a flag—a relic which belonged to Mr. Cook's father, Capt. Cook, and festooned with maple, shamrock, rose and thistle.

The bride's handsome toilette was white duchesse satin. The train and bodice were heavily brocaded in silver. Plain satin formed the petticoat, which was draped with point lace, caught with sprays of jasmine and orange buds. The veil was point lace of an exquisitely delicate pattern. The bride carried a fan, a present from an English friend, which was made to match the wedding-gown; the pearl sticks being inlaid with silver lilies and forget-me-nots. The bridesmaids' dresses were of Directoire—cream Henrietta and duchesse satin, trimmed with yellow velvet. Their hats were of tinsel, the garniture being yellow chrysanthemums; and they carried wands, tipped with bouquets of the same yellow flowers, and decorated with yellow ribbons. Mrs. Cook's toilette of heliotrope duchesse satin was made with court train of moire; the petticoat was of plain satin with panel of crystal steel and pearls, and the bodice matched the panel. A bonnet of white crepe de soie trimmed with shaded lilacs.

Among the wedding presents are two pieces of exquisitely wrought needlework—a piano cloth and table cover. The material is peacock blue plush, the design being carried out in ball and silk cord. It would be an almost endless task to name each of the presents. Among them I noticed a set of pearl-handled fruit knives from Miss May Cook, a solid brass piano lamp from one of the ushers, a silver service, one of Mr. Cook's presents, also a case of silver handled knives; a drawing-room lamp from Mr. and Mrs. Cosgrain of Montreal; hand-painted oyster set, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty; a handsome marble-topped table, Mr. and Mrs. McArthur; a large marble clock, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore of Quebec; a musical box, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke. There were many pieces of choice Daulton, Worcester and Old Derby, and a great deal of silver and fancy work. A check from the bride's uncle, and an English phaeton from Mr. and Mrs. Fraser of England, were two very useful and handsome presents.

The Earl and Countess of Meath have been in the city this week. On Wednesday his lordship addressed a meeting of the Girls' Friendly Society which was held at Erlescourt, the beautiful residence of Major and Mrs. Foster.

Miss Price, daughter of Judge Price, Kingston, has returned to the city to resume her vocal studies with Mr. Torrington.

A fashionable wedding took place at St. Peter's Church, Cobourg, last Saturday, when Mr. Edmund Bristol, barrister of this city, was married to Miss Mary Dorothy Armour, third daughter of Chief Justice Armour. A large number of guests and friends were in attendance.

His many friends will regret to hear that Mr. G. Mercer Adam is still suffering from the effect of the accident he received several months ago by spraining his knee. He is still unable to walk out.

At the wedding of Mr. Fred C. Anderson of the Postoffice Department, Ottawa, in All Saints' Church on September 19, briefly noticed in this column last week, the bride wore an elegant dress of white satin and lace veil and orange blossoms. She was attended by her cousin Miss Kathleen Kerr, Miss Anderson, sister of the groom, and Miss Nita Douglass. These young ladies were attired in charming costumes of cream and pink china silk, with large tulle hats to match, and carried bouquets of pink roses. The groom was supported by his brother Mr. Ernest Anderson of the Dominion Bank, and the ushers were Mr. Grey, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Godden, and Mr. George Kerr of the Bank of Montreal. London. The bride was given away by her uncle Mr. W. H. C. Kerr. Among the guests were noticed: Mrs. Bate, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis of Peterboro', Mr. Barrow, M. P. of Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. Wood of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. C. Kerr, Miss Constance Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. George Kerr, the Misses Ida and Stella Kerr, Mrs. Albert Austin, Miss Adele Austin of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Capt. Douglass and Mrs. Milloy of Niagara, Mr. and Mrs. Bleasdel, Mr. and Mrs. Paul von Szelski, the Misses Thompson, and others. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's mother on Church street, where an elegant dinner was served and the many handsome presents inspected, after which the happy couple left on their honeymoon tour.

An interesting event took place at Glen Cottage, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Thompson, sr., on Howard street, last Friday evening. The occasion was the gathering of all their ten sons under the parental roof together for the first time in 22 years. Since the last occasion various members of the family have been residents of England, Scotland, New Zealand, Manitoba and half a dozen states of the Union pushing their fortunes, and all more or less successfully.

Mr. W. L. Conolly of Montreal has been spending a few days in town.

Messrs. Albert Stewart and R. Conolly, who have been visiting Guelph, returned to town last Saturday.

Miss Annette Saunders of Guelph, who has just returned from her brother's wedding in Montreal, is staying with her cousin, Mrs. Conolly of Henry street.

Mrs. and Miss Greet of Gerrard street have returned from the Pacific coast.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Heward and Mr. Bruce Williams will take place about the middle of October.

Mr. Hume Blake and Miss Manning's nuptials will take place in January next.

The Misses Seymour of Port Hope intend residing here for the fall and winter, and will prove a valuable acquisition to Toronto's society.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pearson left this week for a short visit to New York and Boston.

It is understood that Mrs. Banks will not leave Toronto, as was rumored a short time ago, for San Remo. She will be in town all winter.

A very excellent dinner party was given at Mrs. J. K. Kerr's residence, Rathnelly, a week ago, comprising the following guests: Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Banks, Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Hill of London, England, and several others.

A very charming dinner was given at Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly's residence, Sumach street, a few evenings ago, for Major Rolph, a brother of Mrs. O'Reilly's. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Nordheimer, Mr. Harrison and others.

Mrs. C. O. Ermatinger of St. Thomas is the guest of the Misses Mackay of North Mutual street.

Mr. Morse of College street entertained his Chinese Sabbath School Class at the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Monday evening. A pleasing programme was rendered, and refreshments provided.

On Saturday the Argonaut Rowing Club gave an At Home, in their club-rooms, foot of York street. The commodious and conveniently filled rooms were the scene of true social pleasure. Nearly two hundred were present. An excellent lunch was furnished by Caterer R. J. Lloyd.

Signor Rubini's concert in the Pavilion Tuesday evening was well attended. The numbers evidently pleased the audience, which evinced its appreciation by repeated recalls. The programme comprised selections on 'cello, violin and piano, as well as the vocal solos.

Miss Hatch of Whitby is in the city visiting Mrs. E. A. Fletcher of Yorkville avenue.

Mrs. J. M. Crowley has returned from a ten weeks' trip to Europe, greatly improved in health.

Would A. C. C., author of the short story entitled Not Too Late, (An April Idyl), published in SATURDAY NIGHT several weeks ago please send name and address to the editor.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

The following items were unavoidably crowded out of last week's issue:

On Thursday afternoon, September 12, Mrs. Percy Nellis gave a charming At Home, on the eve of her leaving for Woodstock, where they intend to reside. Mr. and Mrs. Nellis will be greatly missed in society here. Among those present were: Mrs. Henry Strath, Mrs. Whish, Mrs. J. L. McCarthy, Mrs. Geo. J. Mason, Mrs. J. Mockeridge, Mrs. D. Spry, Mrs. Bwd, Mrs. B. Nicholson, Mrs. D. Holmes, Miss Hewett, Miss Reiner, Mrs. McKeggie, Miss Baker, and others.

Woodlands, the summer resort of Mr. D. Crawford of St. Louis, presented a very gay appearance on Thursday evening, September 12, when Mrs. Crawford gave an At Home for a number of young people. This residence being about three miles from town, some drove; others went by the steam yacht Sea Flower, and had a most enjoyable trip, both going and returning. The music and supper were all that could be wished, and dancing was kept up until 3 a.m. Those whom I noticed were Mrs. J. Forsyth, Mrs. Hill of St. Louis, Miss Ramsay, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. E. Mitchell, Miss May Buchan of Toronto, the Misses Mason, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. L. McCarthy, Mr. T. Boys, Mr. W. and Miss Edith Spotton, the Misses Forsyth, Mr. F. and the Misses Stevenson, Mr. W. and Miss Spry, Mr. Gillett, Mr. F. Cress, Miss Holmes, Mr. Geo. Fraser, the Misses Henderson, Miss Fleming, Dr. A. A. Ross, the Misses McConkey, Miss McLean, Dr. H. and Miss Nellie Thomson, Miss George of Boston, Miss McLachlan of Brooklyn, Mr. W. and Miss Harper, Mr. H. Arnall, Mr. A. Dymont, Mr. W. Cameron, Mr. Meeking, Mr. A. Forsyth and others.

On Saturday, Sept. 14, a great number of ladies and gentlemen were seen wending their way to the Barrie Tennis Club lawn, where a very interesting match was played between Mr. R. C. Gillett and Mr. W. A. Boys for the championship of Barrie. After nearly two hours of skillful playing by both, the honors were awarded to Mr. Boys. Among those who witnessed the game were Mrs. Haughton Lennox, Judge Boys, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. S. Lount, Mr. J. Cotter, Mr. Spotton, Mr. E. and Miss Kortright, Miss Alice Foster, Miss Reiner, Mr. T. H. and Miss Boys, Miss Hornsby, Mr. A. F. Ardagh, Miss Bertie Stewart, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. H. McVittie, Miss Birdie Mason, Mr. E. R. Morton, the Misses Baker, Miss Helen Bird, Miss May Spry, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. L. McCarthy, Miss Spotton, Miss May Buchan, Miss Forsyth, Mr. A. Dymont, Miss K. Stevenson, Mr. Geo. Fraser, and many others.

Mrs. B. Nicholson of Cosynook gave an At Home on Tuesday afternoon, September 17. Owing to the inclemency of the weather not as many were present as might have been, but those who did avail themselves of this pleasure seemed to have spent a delightful afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson are leaving Barrie and will be missed very much by their friends here. The latter has always been a favorite in musical circles as well as a great acquisition.

BELLELEVILLE.

Mrs. George D. Dickson gave a five o'clock tea to her friends, on her usual reception day (Friday), between the hours of five and eight. The spacious parlors were well filled. Refreshments were served in the dining-room. The table was beautifully arranged, and presented quite a picture.

Miss Annie Wills gave a small party on Friday evening at Hillcrest, for Mrs. H. Wills of Guelph, and Miss Marian Daly of Kingston. Supper was served at one o'clock. Dancing was indulged in and enjoyed, although the evening was very warm.

Mr. Willie Lingham has returned to the city. Miss Edith Terrill left on Tuesday for Rome, N. Y.

Mrs. Benjamin had the handsome trophy photographed which was presented to her by her deceased son's friends in Omaha, Neb.

Miss Sarah Dickson is camping at Presque Isle with a party of friends.

Mrs. H. Wills has gone to Kingston with her sister, Miss M. Daly, to visit her relatives there. Mr. H. Wills has returned to Guelph after a most enjoyable holiday at his home.

Mrs. Ranney of Peterborough is the guest of Mrs. G. Wilkins.

Mr. Allan Grannam is convalescent.

BRANTFORD.

Brantford has been all but deserted for the past two or three months, but gradually the people are beginning to return from their summer holidays at the seaside, or the Muskoka lakes, or other summer resorts, and now the town is quite lively again, and the air is filled with rumors of parties and weddings, promising well for a gay season.

Woodburn, the handsome residence of Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, presented a brilliant appearance on Wednesday evening, September 18. It being the first anniversary of their wedding day, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne gave a magnificent ball to their many friends. The decorations were beautiful. Wreaths of sunflowers hung from the chandeliers and festooned the doorway, and great banks of palms and tropical plants in the large halls and reception rooms formed effective backgrounds for some beautiful statuary. The veranda was curtained in and also artistically decorated with flowers and statuary, forming a delightful promenade and also the entrance to the large tent on the lawn in which supper was served by Webb. Mrs. Osborne wore her wedding dress of white satin de Lyon, with court train and ostrich feather trimming and carried a large fan, also of ostrich feathers. Among those present were Colonel MacPherson of Ottawa, Miss Hutton of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Osborne, Miss Sinclair, Miss Osborne, Miss Leggett, Mr. and Miss Donville, Mr. Hope, Mr. G. C. Finlay, Mr. Hobson, Dr. D. Ross, Dr. A. Osborne, Mr. A. G. Osborne of Hamilton, Miss Black of Winnipeg, Miss Backus, Miss Anderson of Port Rowan, Mr. C. O. Duncan, Mr. R. E. Duncan of Osoqua, Mich., Mr. Kilgour of Simcoe, Miss Ponsette of Sarnia, Mr. C. B. Dumoulin of Woodstock, Miss Archer of Peterboro, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Blackadder, Mr. and Mrs. J. Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Yates, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Bunnell, Capt. and Mrs. Will D. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery Hale, Hon. E. M. and Mrs. Jones, Capt. and Mrs. W. A. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Gault, Miss Kate Wilkes, Miss Cheney, Miss Bertha Goodson, Mr. J. F. Watt, Miss Watt, Miss Pike, Miss Maude Brook, the Misses Wye, Miss Hewitt, Miss Fair, Miss C. Wisner, Miss Greer, Miss V. Norman, Miss Byrne, Miss Dora Leonard, the Misses Macrae, the Misses Bennett, Miss Hoxley, Miss Nita Nelles, the Misses Haycock, Mr. Allen and the Misses Johnson, the Misses Crompton, Messrs. J. Y. Morton, H. T. Minty, Capt. Leith Brown, J. A. Wallace, H. B. Lewis, W. G. Kilmaster, H. Cockshut, F. Fawkes, C. L. Daniel, A. C. Campbell, J. H. Oldham, G. Watt, Capt. C. Nelles, Capt. H. F. Leonard, Messrs. B. Whitehead, R. H. Reville, Pike, C. Hardy, J. P. Hewitt. The music, which was furnished by the original Italian orchestra of Toronto, was delightful. The officers of the Dufferin Rifles and of the Thirteenth who were present wore the uniform of their corps and added much to the brilliancy of the scene.

On Saturday, September 21, the Brantford Canoe Club held their second annual regatta on Lovejoy's pond. In spite of the unpleasant weather a number of people were present. The race of the day was the gentlemen's tandem between the Messrs. McKendric of Galt, and Messrs. Alex. Mackenzie and H. Frank of Brantford, which was won by the latter in ten minutes and one second, and Brantford is not a little proud of the success of her boys.

MOUNT FOREST.

The marriage of Miss Kate McMullen, only

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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A Visit to an Indian Village.

Across Lake Couchiching, and just a short sail from Orillia, is the village of Rama, around which are several hundred acres of an Indian reserve on which live some three hundred Indians. We landed there a few days ago, and as the whistle blew the Indian boys came racing down over the stony hill from all directions, to the shabby little wharf. One boy with a droll side glance to his companion, asked if the Great Spirit were not coming at that whistle. We proceeded up the hill, many eyes watching us, for an arrival is always an event there, and came to a fairly large stone church with a steeple and some bit of shining stuff near the top of it that I knew must delight the Indian heart. At the doors of many of the diminutive houses we saw the dark women, washing, wringing, drying clothes, and ever and anon turning to chide, in muffled tones, a child who came too near the swaying elbows. We walked on, and out from behind one of the huts came the most savage looking specimen of man I ever saw. He was old and bent and tottering. His feet were bare, his scanty clothes ragged and dirty. The hair hung in grizzled masses over the face and ears, almost obscuring the narrow, wrinkled forehead. You can have no idea of the furrows of that face, or of the uninitiatedness of the eyes that peered from behind the hanging hair. We gazed. We spoke. He answered nothing, but crossing feebly his little yard, took up an old axe, and deigning no glance at us, prepared a stick or two of wood for his evening fire. We could not look too long at such a spectacle for fear of growing despondent over the cause of humanity. As if to off-set such gloomy forebodings, our eyes fell at this moment on the most pleasing contrast to what they had just seen. An old man, and on crutches, but such a bright, intelligent face, such a courteous smile and lifting of the cap! We were in the presence of Pah-tah-sega, an ex-chief. He offered to show us the village, and first took us to see a side-walk that was being made—a ride enough affair—two unplanned boards, but the pleasure in his voice as he pointed it out to us and said, "good side-walk—good side-walk," made up for all deficiencies. He began now to tell us what he loves most of all to talk about—his presentation to Queen Victoria. It was many years ago, but his memory has preserved every detail. It gave us keen pleasure to hear how the monarch of the Empire met the monarch of one of her own forest tribes. The old man said, "I was taken along from one hall to another, until we came to an immense room—very large—and away down at the other side of it sat a little woman, very quietly dressed in black. They told me that was the Queen. I could scarcely believe it. I had looked for grand jewels, magnificent robes—this little woman, so plainly dressed the Queen! But I approached slowly, I bowed low. Was she proud and haughty? No. She talked so kindly to me, she said she was glad to meet the Indian."

Pah-tah-sega told us too of his speech in Exeter Hall, "when all the great lords and dukes were present." He said: "Some one spoke before me and while he spoke, I say to myself, 'Peter, you do much better than that.' My turn now come. I rose and looked over that vast audience, I pull myself together and think, 'now will I make grandest speech I have ever made.' I looked around again, but no words would come, my throat felt dry, I say to myself, 'Peter, this won't do.' I make one mighty effort and try again, still no words! A brilliant idea now comes to me, I have a little note-book in my hand, I drop it and think to gain a little time by picking it up. But do I? No, no. One of those attendants, he have it before it hardly reach the floor. He hand it to me. I think my chance is over! I look at my audience which now swim before my eyes, I open my mouth again and, praised be God, the words come out in a troop, and I speak for two hours, as I never speak before." Peter took us to his house and his courtesy to his guests could have been excelled by no gentleman of the old school. MARGARET.

Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—In a Paris letter to a London journal, a correspondent says she is so glad that felt hats are to be worn this year, and then goes off into extravagant rhapsodies over the wide-brimmed hats, which can be bent into such "cunning" and "becoming" shapes. "Feathers," she assures us, are all the rage, for trimming; and black is to enter into combination with almost every color. Black braids are to be used for dress and mantle decoration, and black feathers for hat garniture; while I fancy that black furs will be seen oftener than they were last year.

Well, the sombre hue is becoming to almost everyone, when cheeks are red with rage at Jack Frost's salutations, so we need not complain.

Black lace is to be used on fall and winter hats of velvet, "drooping over the rim," says Dame Fashion; and with all due reverence to the opinion of the old lady who rules more people than any crowned head—I don't like it. The church at home—my home and yours—comes back to me, where, a few years ago, there were any number of black hats with lace frills hanging over their brows like untidy veils—and I can see no beauty in them.

The mantles and jackets are braided, braided, braided, in self colors, in black, in gold, and in all varieties of puzzling patterns.

Pretty little bonnets for the opera are made of a coronet of flowers or fruit, a little puffed tulle, and a few loops of ribbon. The flower bonnets are dainty and rather new, but the creation of flowers with tulle and ribbon tucked in as an afterthought seems to be spoken more kindly of.

Have you seen the cute little watches about the size of a quarter. Aren't they pretty? The gold ones with the hunting cases are, of course, the nicest, but the steel ones in the same size would look well with an oxidized chain, or set in a leather bracelet. Speaking of leather bracelets—they are an odd whim, are they not? but, Mollie, there is a suggestion of work in regard to the carrying of so substantial an ornament, that makes me cling to my chain and a watch pocket.

The prettiest hanging pin cushion I have seen

for a long time is—a parsnip. It is made of white china-silk, filled with bran and sachet powder. Fasten some green chenille or arasene at the top for leaves, tack some twisted white ravelings at the bottom for roots, and then a few stitches of brown silk, or touches with the brush, will make your parsnip look as if it had just been taken from the ground.

I saw a novel sofa pillow to day. It was an exquisite shade of electric blue. It was satin; it was square, and it had a frill around its edge—so far ordinary; but in the front was set an oblong piece of brocatelle in shades of blue, harmonizing with the satin. It struck me as being remarkably pretty, and the idea could be carried out in other materials with equally good effect. Till next week believe me

Your sincere friend, CLIP CAREW.

A-Chestnutting.

A chestnutting with Madge I went,
And took her basket on my arm;
She was the sweet embodiment
Of innocence that knows no harm.

I chafed the squirrel that we met,
Helped her at fences sat 'y o'er;
The playful chipmunk won't forget
How close we followed to his door.

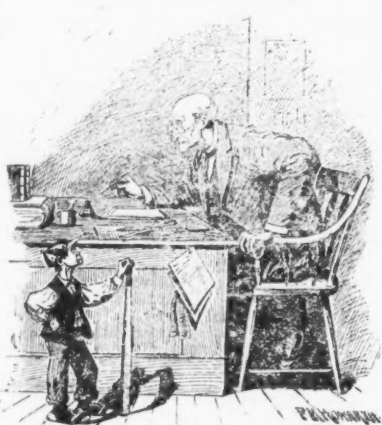
Our baskets with plump nuts we piled,
I filled her apron with them, too;
And when I shook the tree, she smiled
To think how fast our harvest grew.

How clear, upon that autumn day,
The sky's expanse of cloudless space;
We loitered on our homeward way—
A sunny smile lit up her face.

Taking two chestnuts from our store
We tried the philop's lot;
I think it pleased her all the more
To find that it was favor got.

"What gift," she asked, "must I procure?"
And, hinting what my heart had planned,
I answered: "Lace, which shall endure—"
And so I won her heart and hand!

Satisfaction Demanded.



Baseballist—Say, be you de editor of this paper?
Editor—I am. What can I do for you?
Baseballist—Why, in de report o' de game 'tween de Bowlers an' de Soakers, yer charged tree errors agin Mugsey de short stop; I'm Mugsey, an' I want yer tercorrect it on der fust page o' tomorrows paper. See—Life.

Love in Muskoka.

It was at Spirit Lake, at the very limit of the pier. They were all alone. There was no moon, but the stars were big and bright and so full of self-conceit that they looked at themselves in the water and winked. Far out a boat slid noiselessly along. In a nearer boat a fair tenor voice carelessly half hummed, half sang a common love song. From the hotel came now and then the twang of a mandolin. On such a night as this did Dido stand upon the wild sea bank and wave her love to come again to Carthage. On such a night as this did Jessica—but a truce to the bard! It was the sort of night on which a man could make love to his own wife!—and those two, Edouard and Alicia, had not yet bespoken their tender vows.

"Do you know anything about the stars?" inquired Edouard, in a voice like the murmur of the wind in summer trees.
"A little," answered Alicia, tenderly.
"I know some of the constellations—the Great Bear—the—"
"Yes," interrupted Edouard, "I know all about the Big Bear and I can find the North Star; but right over there is a group. Do you know the name of that?" And Edouard threw his arm across Alicia's shoulder and pointed to a cluster of shining worlds in the east.
Alicia leaned toward him. "I don't know what that is," she breathed as one who did not care.

"And there is another constellation just over our heads!" Edouard passed his arm around her neck, and placing his hand under her chin so tilted it that it would be easy for her to see. And then to Alicia's eyes the heavens became one grand carnival of constellations. Shooting stars chased each other athwart the firmament, comets played riotous games among the planets, and finally there came a soft and radiant blur which hid them all.
Edouard had kissed Alicia.

More to Come.

A lawyer who was consulted by a young woman from the country in regard to a breach of promise case, asked her if she had any letters to put in evidence.

"Why, yes, I believe I have," she replied.
She was told to send them in, that he might look them over, and in a day or two he got a package on which was written, "I can't find but these fourteen hundred just now, but will hunt up the balance this week."

A Good Opportunity.

Mrs. Giffjabber—O dear! I've got a pain in my mouth.
Mr. Giffjabber—For goodness sake, don't let it drop out. Hold it in till I get some putty.

Didn't Want His Head Re-nude.

Barber—You ought to use some of my patent hair renewer. Starts the hair out wonderful, sir.
Mr. Baldman—Does, eh? Well, I want to keep in all I have left.

Equal to the Occasion.

Governess (to small boy)—Now, Harry, will you name three wild beasts of the desert?
Harry—Two lions and one tiger.

The Bloom Was High.

First Tramp (after a fruitless raid on a hen-coop)—Bill, I wonder what made that blamed rooster fall off his perch and commence to crow so loud?
Second Tramp—You forgot cover up your nose and he thought it was sunrise.

A Modern Tyrant.

Penelope—All right, Jack, you may put that right on my finger and we'll call it engaged, but it must be definitely understood that you are to have but one kiss a day and one dance at each hop, for you dance horribly and I don't

like to kiss a man with a mustache. I am to go boating, riding or walking with any fellow I please, dance as much as I please and flirt with whom I please. You are to give up smoking, card playing and wine, and finally you are not to tag around after me all the time, for I'm not going to have my enjoyment spoiled just because I'm engaged.
Jack (her humble slave)—Well, but, Penelope, tell me what I can do.
Penelope—You can read Tennyson and think of me.—Life.

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All other styles as Wigs, Bandeaux, Gentlemen's Wigs and Toupees at cost price.
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Blueberries.

Debbie and I were standing on Sunset Rock watching a forest fire on the side of old Shaunagunk. Debbie was crying. A great tree had been very fond of burnt into a red blaze, changed to pink ashes, and dropped out of sight as we gazed.

"I cannot bear to see it," she said, hiding her face on my shoulder.

"No, matter, Debbie," I said. "There'll be plenty of blueberries next summer. You know there always are the year after these fires, and I'm as famous for eating blueberry pie as you are for making it."

But Debbie would not laugh.

"There are always blueberries enough," she said.

"But I loved that tree—the tree we sat under when—"

"When I asked you to be my wife," said I.

"And you said yes, otherwise, should not have made that remark about blueberry pies. But I liked the tree, too, for all that. Debbie took things of that sort very hard. She could not bear to see the flowers fade in autumn, or the grass grow brown. She often said that she believed the green things growing had souls."

She had been just like that ever since she was a baby, when she petted everything in the place. The calves, the lambs, the little piglets, even the old black hog in his sty came in for a share of her favor, though he was the most unlovable creature alive. And I remember that one Thanksgiving Day—the turkey that graced the feast had been her special favorite—she sent herself from table, and was found, after long search and much alarm, hiding in the garret.

"I can't touch him, mother," she confessed.

"I can't. We have been too friendly."

"An odd child," the farmers' wives declared, and thanked Heaven their own had more plain common sense and less imagination. But even then, to my fancy, Debbie Doane was the sweetest, prettiest creature alive. A slender, blue-eyed, fairly-haired wisp of a child, as light as a feather, she was sure that no one would disapprove; and up there under the tree we had just seen drop, we kissed each other for the first time as lovers kiss, and said those things to each other which only lovers say.

And so I had come to thinking of her as my future wife, and talking about her making blueberry pie for me.

But long before the blueberries sprang up over the ashes of the dead pines everything had changed.

Debbie's father was a hot-tempered man, and mine an obstinate one. They got along wonderfully with each other for many years, and it seemed to be one of those special bits of spite which Fate doles out to lovers, that they should have their first serious quarrel on the day Debbie and I were engaged.

What was it about, you ask? Of all men on earth, farmers quarrel about the smallest things. The ill-feeling began about a bit of meadow, where next to nothing was contained by our old pear tree, which projected its roots into Mr. Doane's cellar, and finished by one of Doane's cows, who trod down our corn; and one day the two elderly men faced each other, their faces crimson, their eyes blazing, blotting out the friendship of years by their mutual taunts and reproaches, until, at last, Doane struck my father, and my father knocked him down. He fell with his head against a bit of wood, and cut it, and the blood flowed over his face and neck.

The women screamed: Doane lay at length upon the grass a gory spectacle. Mrs. Doane called one farm-hand to help his master in, another to run for the doctor, and the general impression that a murder had been committed was conveyed. It was a matter for a bit of court-plaster after all; but a life-long friendship was over forever; and it was conceded on both sides that Debbie and I must break with each other.

Up on the mountain, where the blueberries were to be next summer, we met for the last time. The ashes of the tree we had first kissed under were all blown away, and only a grim, black stump remained to tell where it once stood. Debbie was very pale, but very firm.

"It would be an insult to father if I should marry the son of a man who tried to kill him," she said; "and Mr. Ashton did try, Eben."

"My father only wanted a blow, as any man ought," I said.

"But how furiously," said Debbie; "how brutally."

And then we quarrelled, until at last we parted, going by different ways down the mountain, angry with each other, as we had never thought to be.

The quarrel between the two families changed everything. My father shortly found it too unpleasant to live in such unfriendly fashion, and resolved to move to the West. My mother felt as glad to go as he. As for me, to pass Debbie in the road without speaking had become unbearable. We, the three, and the dog, went to the spot that was little more than a wilderness when we settled there, I made my fortune in a business which was the outgrowth of my surroundings. With the best luck it takes some time to make a fortune, and by the time I was really rich I had come to forty years, and passed it.

My parents were both dead, and I had not married. I had tried to fall in love, but could not; and, if you will not think me a puppy, I will tell you that, being pecuniary "catch," I was rather persecuted. Anxious parents with fine families of grown daughters flung them at my head, and the girls themselves were not behindhand. If I could have believed that my personal qualities in the light of my wealth were a prize, I should have been flattered, and might have succumbed; but I knew my money was the bait which all those pretty fish were anxious to nibble, and I resolved to leave the place for a while. The wealth that seemed so great from a local point of view was not an unusual amount of money in New York, where millionaires have grown common, and I found the great metropolis pleasant, and made friends there. Amongst them I soon numbered an old bachelor of literary tastes, who told me that he had taken a fancy to me. He proved it by being very confidential.

"You are twenty years younger than I," he said; "but still you are of an age when men are usually married. Perhaps you can comprehend how you might go on for twenty years more, and never find a woman who seemed exactly what you wanted?"

"Perfectly," said I.

"Now I've had women set their caps for me," said he. "I have had women, too. Perhaps you don't believe it?"

"Indeed, I do," said I, out of my own experience.

"Ah, you've been there; you've been there," said Mr. Groton. "Well, I couldn't respond. My fault: not theirs. But lately I've met a woman who actually does move me, but I have my doubts. I'm afraid I shan't be happy. She's a blue stocking."

"Ah!" said I, not knowing what else to remark.

"I'm afraid of blue-stockings," said Mr. Groton. "They are usually bad housekeepers, I am told, and they don't look up to one. I wish to be looked up to. But I have great faith in you. She's to be at Mr. Parker's on Wednesday evening. I'll ask to bring you. And you could do what I can't—put leading questions; discover what her domestic qualities are—she suspects me; I—I daren't—and give me your

opinion. There is a widow, very handsome—Mrs. Cromlich—that may be more suitable. But there's a charm about my blue-stocking. She doesn't write very masculine books; they are about birds and squirrels, and bees and flowers—children's books. But still you'll oblige a friend. If you approve, I'll see her home and offer myself on the way; if not, I'll ask to be the widow's escort and propose to her. I can't waste time at my age, and I want to settle down. Cross-question her, pray."

I promised, and on Wednesday evening entered Mrs. Parker's parlors.

"There she sits at the table," whispered the bachelor. "Pretty shoulders, oh!"

I nodded, for Mrs. Parker advanced, and there was no time for words. I was introduced.

"I want him to know your literary friend. As a stranger, he ought to know your shining lights," said Mr. Groton, with great cunning.

"Delighted!" said Mrs. Parker. "Mr. Ashton, this way, please. Miss Doane, Mr. Ashton desires an introduction. Of course you have read all Miss Deborah Doane's works? What my children would do without them I cannot say. They are an education by themselves."

"Debbie turned a little," I thought. It could not be! Yet Miss Debbie Doane! Was it a coincidence?

"I had discovered that she, like myself, was alone in the world. I saw that she was ready to meet me half way. Yet the hour for parting approached, and if old Groton took her home, proposed to her, and was accepted, all was over. And yet while strangers listened to my words, what could I utter to show her my intentions? This is what I did say:

"As you write about such things, Miss Doane, did you ever take notice of the fact that the year after a forest fire blueberries are very plenty on the Shaunagunk Mountains?"

"Oh, yes," she replied. "I go to the Shaunagunk every summer, and I made that discovery long ago."

"And you have not only made discoveries, but pies?" I remarked.

"Many," she answered.

"Oh! do you make pies!" I thought, authoritatively never could cook," cried one of our audience.

"A lady once promised to make blueberry pies for me," said I. "It was while a forest fire was burning; but she never kept her promise. If you go to Shaunagunk next summer, I shall call at your camp and ask you to make a pie for me."

"I do not camp out, but you will find me at a little farm house near by," said Debbie, "and I will make all the pies you want."

"It is a solemn promise," I said.

She gave me her hand.

"I think the blueberries will be thick on Shaunagunk next summer, for the fires were fierce this autumn," she said. "Good night."

But I knew she would not accept old Groton if he proposed; and, besides, I took pains to whisper to him, in the dressing room:

"The widow is the woman for you."

He married her, but Debbie is making a blueberry pie for me at this moment, and the berries were picked on old Shaunagunk.

Charming Virginia Clay.

At the recent national editorial convention, held in the city of Detroit, the labors of the delegates were lightened and the various meetings and excursions were brightened by the presence of many beautiful and talented women from all parts of the country.

One of the brightest, wittiest and most charming of these editorial ladies was Miss Virginia Clay of Huntsville, Ala., and in the hope that a few words about this energetic young southern woman may encourage those who are in trouble, or strengthen those who may have suddenly met difficulties and disaster, the *Detroit Free Press* has gathered from those who know the young lady some facts of her life which are certain to be found interesting.

The Huntsville Democrat was founded in 1823, and was owned and managed for many years by J. Withers Clay, a well-known Democrat in the State of Alabama. Four years ago Mr. Clay was stricken with paralysis. The war had left him, as it left so many thousands of others, in poverty, and at the time that paralysis overtook him, he was recovering in a measure from the disasters of that conflict.

Mr. Clay has four daughters. The eldest is Mary, and the youngest, Miss Elodie, Virginia and Susie coming in between. The youngest was a clerk in the postoffice. The eldest devoted her entire time to taking care of her father. Mr. Clay had been given up by the physicians, who said he had only a few days to live. Miss Mary, who herself was an invalid, tried massage and all the advanced methods of treatment. She made a study of the subject and devoted herself entirely to her father. The result has been that Mr. Clay has partially recovered from the effects of the stroke. He is able to walk around and to understand what is said to him, although he cannot write or speak. Yet the girls manage to understand what he desires them to do. It is a remarkable fact that when Miss Mary began to nurse her father she was herself an invalid and a very slim, delicate girl. The results of the four years' care have been that she is now robust and better than she ever was in her life before. The two girls, Virginia and Susie, bravely took charge of the paper. Miss Virginia had some trouble with the employees at first, who thought that they could do as they pleased, now that a young girl was at the head of affairs, but she speedily brought order out of chaos. One remark that she made will illustrate her energetic qualities. One of the employees had said that Susie was a printer's devil, and this remark gave great offence to Miss Susie. Miss Virginia blazed out at the person who made this remark:

"You will have to treat Miss Susie with respect."

aspect," she said. "I want you to understand that I am the devil in this office, and so you can govern yourselves accordingly."

She promptly discharged those who were rebellious, reorganized the office, did everything from writing the whole paper sometimes to setting type, and when that was done went out as collector and gathered in the shakels due. As collector Miss Virginia was a great success, and those who met the charming young woman in Detroit will understand the difficulty a man would have in refusing to pay a bill that was due. She collected debts that no man could have collected, and she and her sister have made a great success of the Huntsville Democrat. Personally, Miss Virginia Clay is a handsome, tall and rather slim girl. In conversation she can more than hold her own in any company, and all in all she is an excellent example of what the ladies of the New South can do when they try.

She Stood Him Off.

A landlord who was before one of the Circuit Court Commissioners the other day to see about getting a non-paying tenant out of his house explained:

"It is now five months since I got a cent of rent. Their first excuse was the death of a child. Their second the sickness of the husband. Their third his being out of work. Their fourth was that a relative had died. Their fifth was given yesterday."

"What was it?" asked the Commissioner.

"Well, I called at the house and rang the bell. No answer. I then went around to the side door. No answer. Then I went around to the kitchen, where I found the woman. I told her I had come to make a last demand before appealing to the law, and she insisted that I go around to the front door and ring the bell. I did so, and she opened the door, looked me over from head to foot, and said:

"Sir, if you have called to see my husband he is out."

"But you'll do just as well, madam. I have come for the rent."

"Who are you, sir?"

"Your landlord, of course."

"I can't place you, and I shall pay you no money until you are properly identified. Call with your papers some day next week."

Rapid Transit.

"Talk about fast running," said the Michigan Central man, "you ought to see our Limited head." Why, we pass the telegraph poles so fast they look for all the world like comb teeth!"

"Oh, that does very well," responded the Wisconsin man, "but we can go you one better, I guess. Just as one of our slow trains was pulling out of Neenah the other day, I undertook to slap the ticket agent and I hit a man at Waupaca. Goin' down now to settle a suit for assault and battery."

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address "Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT OFFICE.]

CLARA McKEN, Mount Forest.—The author of A Bad Man's Sweetheart and Don are one and the same person.

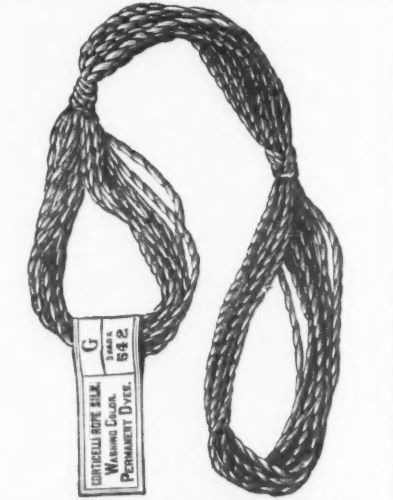
S. A. D., Toronto.—Your writing indicates a reserved, calculating disposition. You are orderly, self-reliant and habitually act after mature deliberation.

BEST BAR, Owen Sound.—You are self-reliant, ambitious, good-natured, inclined to carelessness and lacking a little in perseverance. We would have no use for the MSS. you mention.

BIRD, London.—Your writing shows determination, an impulsive nature, and a sensitive disposition. Your own work is to be preferred in making pre-ents to gentlemen—although a favorite author or a handsome bound copy of poems is never amiss. I would suggest a wink holder, which is always useful and not hard to make. Cover a board twelve inches square with plush, to the left fasten a band of the plush, on a pasteboard foundation, to the right two narrow bands. The wider will hold a wisk, the other a soft hat brush. Ornament the bands with embroidery, applique or a pattern in brass rings—they are all pretty ribbon on the wisk, and hang the holder by a long ribbon loop with pretty bows.

CHURCHILL, Hamilton.—1. If the seat be comfortable there is no objection as the vehicle is not a hack. The post of a horse is the back seat, facing the horses, and right side. This should be given the e-dead or most distinguished lady. 2. Ask the post if she will allow a correspondence, and write to her soon after her departure if she grants your request. 3. Intimate association gives the right of familiar address, but it is bad taste to call mere acquaintances by the Christian name—more, it is rude and may with propriety be resented. A long acquaintance and a true friendship warrant a gentleman's asking a lady to address him familiarly, and if she accedes to his request, she is implicitly asking him to dispense with formality in addressing her. We are pleased to be of any assistance in these or similar matters.

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Mr. Gaspar.—"Excuse me for grunting, lehdies, but d' tide runs so mitey strong heah I kin jess mek d' boat move.—Judge."

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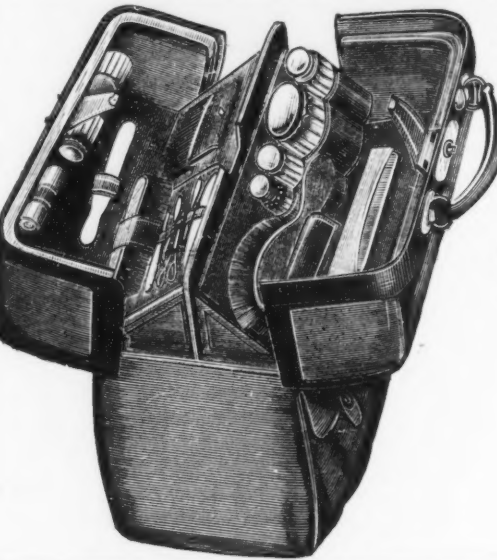
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"Well, there are so many pleasant things about it," said Annie, with a smile over remembered joys. "Walking to the school house in the morning, you know, and talking with the girls at recess and coming home at noon and night. Oh, yes, I really think I like to go to school."—*Youth's Companion*.

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The Terrible Old Lady.

The *enfant terrible*—the unsophisticated little boy or girl who in the most innocent and natural way exposes family secrets before company—has long been a favorite topic with social satirists. The manner in which he or she reveals the skeleton in the closet—tells how papa came home acting so funny the other night or how mamma can take off all her hair, is a never failing source of copy for the funny writers, and it is to be presumed of amusement to their readers. But the artless and unconscious prattle of the *enfant terrible* is not half as much to be dreaded by society in general as the malicious gossip and unwelcome reminiscences of the terrible old lady. There are few circles in which she is not known and feared. This personage is usually one who has resided in the locality since the days of the pioneers and knows the history and origin of every family of any standing in the place. She is a perfect encyclopedia of genealogical and personal lore, and nothing delights her more than to indulge her recollections of "Toronto of Old," and preserve from oblivion stories and traditions which the living representatives of the "old families" are not at all anxious to recall. She takes a malicious pleasure in contrasting the style which the younger people now display and the airs they assume with the humble position occupied by their fathers or grandfathers. Cynical and envious people of course are fond of drawing her out. It amuses them immensely to hear her expatiate on how Mr. Plutoc, the purse proud banker, was fifty years ago one of the nine children of a poor aborigine who lived in a tumble down shanty in Cabbagetown—how the Bontonnes need not put on such high and mighty airs to her, seeing that the old man kept tavern so nowhere near the Don, away back in the fifties, and drank himself to death—or how she remembers perfectly well how old Mrs. Rumpage, the mother of the distinguished lawyer and politician, used to sell garden stuff in the market, and had such a terrible tongue that she was the scandal of the whole neighborhood. Such reminiscences, which of course lose nothing in their repetition, make the old lady a veritable terror to all whose social pretensions and family claims will not stand the best of examination. When her disclosures are tempered by a sense of justice, and not too much embellished by the accretions of fiction, her ready memory and tongue are a healthy corrective of the snobbery and unfounded pretension to blue blood so common in our society.

Labor.

The pains which the faithful teacher takes with the pupil or class seem a trifling matter compared with the worth of the education itself when gained, and the influence which it may exert on society and hand down to future generations. Yet all these far-reaching results may be traced to the hours of patient and earnest work by teacher and pupil. The same is true of all labor. The wonderful growth of a city is due to the enterprise of some, to the skill and ingenuity of others, to the productive toil of many. The establishment of some noble institution for the benefit of mankind, of which we are justly proud, might never have taken place but for the humane feeling and the intelligent foresight that were happily united in some one individual, who never dreamed of the grand results which would ensue. Labor in its various forms is the foundation of all comfort, all progress, all enjoyment, and even of life itself. Our food, our clothing, our dwellings, our schools, our government, our comforts, and the money which they cost are all representatives of the hard work of many people in many places; and only thus could they exist. Yet work has other functions less widely recognized. It is valuable for its effects upon the worker himself. It strengthens his muscles, develops his powers, raises his courage, exalts his character. It is the pith and marrow of a happy, healthy life.

Women Duellists.

So far from duelling becoming extinct in Europe, it is now being taken up by the fair sex, who fight in the approved orthodox style with swords. There is no hair pulling or any of the styles of warfare peculiar to the sex, when they indulge in a hand-to-hand combat. The story goes that two Viennese beauties of noble birth, the Countess de Kinsky and the Countess Schenborn met in a small wood near the Imperial villa at Ischly. At the second thrust the Countess Schenborn was wounded in the left breast, and her opponent received a wound in the forearm. And as the duellists since the days of chivalry have split blood over some fair one whom both adored, so did these Amazons have as an object of feud a handsome young officer of the Imperial Guard.

Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him. Should he ask a friend to lend him a hundred pounds, it is possible, from the largeness of his demand, he may find credit for twenty; and should he humbly only sue for a trifle, it is two to one whether he might be trusted for two pence.



The Toronto Vocal Society has commenced a vigorous and drastic policy. All the old members have had to submit to an examination of the individual vocal powers by the conductor. Whether he has rejected any of the candidates, I cannot say, but the effect in any case must be good. This process has so far weeded the society down to a working membership of seventy, as several of the members have not offered for re-enrollment, and there are now some vacancies for applicants, who must have good voices and read music quickly.

The Philharmonic Society, in organizing its chorus for Armistice, has followed the same plan. But it is not in itself sufficient. By this means the general standard of the chorus is raised, but its numbers are lessened, without providing any of the machinery for raising the numerical strength to its old standard, or for replacing those who drop out year by year. This can only be done by organizing a class for the teaching of sight reading and elementary vocal culture, and the society that undertakes this will be the favorite one in days to come, with both singers and auditors. It is strange that in a large city like Toronto there is no public means by which a fair knowledge of music reading can be gained. One or two gentlemen are doing good work in this direction, but it should be taken up on a larger scale and with stronger influence behind.

The authorities of the Queen's Own Rifles have, with commendable energy, arranged for another concert, at which the combined bands of their regiment and the Thirteenth Battalion will take part. Mr. Bayley has arranged a most interesting programme and both bands are already practicing the music.

Dr. Louis Maas, who gave a piano recital here about a year ago, died last week after an illness of some three weeks.

The Buffalo orchestra bids fair to be set on its feet for another season. Mr. Fred C. M. Lautz, whose personal liberality has made its existence possible in former years, is again energetically pushing its interests, and hopes to make it possible once more. If he succeeds, it is to be hoped that our neighbors may be persuaded to come over once or twice and give us an idea of what they can do. What a pity it is that we cannot keep a professional orchestra—however small—altogether in Toronto! The man who could design a plan which would make a local professional orchestra a possibility, would confer a lasting boon upon musical Toronto.

If Wagner is dead, Wagnerianism is not by any means. The past Wagner Festival at Balreuth has been successful in every respect. Eighteen representations drew \$120,000, of which the Wagner family receives \$13,000. In London, under Mancinelli, several of Wagner's music dramas were sung in Italian, in itself a victory of no mean moment for the lovers of the great innovator.

The organization of choral bodies is looking up again. Mr. J. W. Trendell, who is now living in Berlin, is organizing a society in that town, with very bright prospects, as he has the good will of the best people in the place. He will be found a wise choice for the post of director.

Among the new arrivals in Canada is Mr. Fred C. Smythe, Mus. Bac. Trinity College, Dublin, who has come to Ottawa to teach at the Canadian College of Music. Mr. Smythe was for fifteen years a prominent figure in the musical life of Belfast, Ireland, where he was organist of St. George's, and later of St. James' Church, in both of which he organized choirs whose excellence won for him high renown. He was also director of the Belfast choir, which performs oratorios and cantatas with full orchestral accompaniments. This is the kind of new blood we want in Canada.

Messrs. A. and S. Nordheimer have sent me three new songs just published by them, of which Mr. W. O. Forsyth contributes two, for contralto or mezzo-soprano: "Trust—the words by Frances Ridley Havergal, and the Valley of Silence—words by Father Ryan, the Laureate of the South. Mr. Forsyth has succeeded in setting these to music of a sympathetic character, and we may look for their popularity. The other song is by Mr. Lucas, who has set Tennyson's Sweet and Low to music. Often as this has been done before, Mr. Lucas has given us a new and most melodious setting.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

A few days ago I saw a paragraph going the rounds of the press to the effect that the chestnut had now gone through the hands of the circus clown and had wearily returned to its original abiding place—the end man in a minstrel show. That paragraph was inaccurate. The chestnut appeared at the Grand Opera House this week in gaudy profusion in Starlight, described as a "musical farce comedy." Nowadays when you have a hotch-potch of singing, dancing and variety show, it is called a musical farce comedy, and that category now will embrace almost anything that is scorned by other designations. Starlight is no better, and no worse than a great many of its congeners. The jokes have the respectability of age, relieved here and there with the impertinence of youth. Literary merit and elegance it has none, the following being one of its most attractive efforts:

"Razle-dazle, razle-dazle!
How drunk I am!
Don't give a damn!"

The usual amount of ground and lofty tumbling and eccentric acting is thrown, and with all the commonplace that I have spoken of, I could not help laughing till my sides cracked, and I went a second time, and yet a third to see Starlight.

Undoubtedly the attraction was Verona Jarbeau, who is a charming, sparkling, bright

little bit of scintillating comedy. She is the personification of restless grace. She sings very nicely, dances very prettily, but gives you the impression that she is in every respect smarter and abler than she turns out to be on close dissection. She rejoices in the most mysterious black lingerie, of which kaleidoscopic peeps are vouchsafed to the admiring audience. Her dresses are becoming and sometimes rich, and display her charming figure with generous unselfishness. I don't know what standard Dr. Stone and Mr. Benson set up as the Rubicon in these matters, but I don't think that even they would have found serious fault with the fair Verona, so innocent and lamb-like are her frolics. She was very happy in her topical song, "That's Enough, Don't You Think?" and made some clever local allusions. Much of the other fun is in the hands—and feet—of Messrs. Bert Coote as Quackleton Quaver, Charles Kirke as Muddlebrain, with a splendid German accent, and Budd Ross as Signor Bralligan, with the conventional Irish accent. Four or five young ladies of good looks and fair talents, with Mr. Edward Poland as Harold Marker, complete the company. Of plot there is absolutely none, and no one wants it in this sort of entertainment. The music is very ordinary and commonplace, but the fun is there in plenty.

Mr. Roland Reed opens a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House next Monday night in his eccentric play, *The Woman Hater*. Roland Reed is a comedian whose humor is peculiarly American. It is that dry, serious humor which had as its earliest, and perhaps highest exponent, the lamented Artemus Ward. It is to this family of comedians that Roland Reed belongs, yet his peculiarities are distinctly his own. Of *The Woman Hater*, one of the best critics has written: "The merit of this farce is that it grows steadily more absurd in its predicaments." His company is said to be a good one, and may be relied on to furnish an excellent show.

The Fugitive has been with us again this week at the Toronto Opera House, with Mr. Mason Mitchell as star. The Fugitive is a melodrama of English life, which contains many strong points, and when elaborately set and played by an able company, furnishes an excellent evening's entertainment for those who like drama of a stirring kind. Mr. Mitchell is a handsome young man with a powerful voice which he keeps well controlled, avoiding the tendency to rant which marks so many melodramatic actors. He is supported by an excellent company. Mr. Henry Napier as Squire Stollery is almost too good-natured to make a first-class villain and in one of his scenes with Ruth Raleigh, the maiden he has ruined, he approached so near comedy that I felt more disposed to laugh than thrill with horror. Miss Annie Lockhart as Mabel Malton, the heroine, threw a great deal of feeling into her part. The less important characters were well handled, and Mr. Harry Rogers as Crackles was very amusing. Next week, *Woman against Woman*.

Miss Agnes Law's first recital on Thursday, September 19, was poorly attended. The rain made the night intensely disagreeable, but those who braved the bad weather were well entertained. Miss Law has a powerful voice, her gestures show evidence of careful study and she enunciates perfectly. In the portrayal of masculine character she excels. Her broken French and Italian, and her Scotch dialect are markedly successful features. Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, A. T. C. M., was pianist, and his selections were pleasing—plaintive, soul-stirring melody, which took one back into the half-forgotten yesterdays; and brilliant passages all dash and sparkle, driving away the realization of the chilly atmosphere, and the dismal, drip, patter, splash of the rain-drops.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

An English actress, deservedly a favorite with the London public, owns twenty-two handsome cabs, which bring her in a snug little income. Her drivers, horses and cabs are exceedingly well kept, and rank with the "swell-est" of the West End. Comedy pays better than tragedy.

Sol Smith Russell's wife is a small, intellectual-looking woman with a Bostonese face. She is the daughter of Mr. Adams, known to fame as Oliver Optic. Mr. Russell is the owner of several fine buildings in Minneapolis besides his handsome residence. He takes care of his money.

Once again the English comedian, Mr. J. L. Toole, has become an object of sympathy. It is well known that he has had the misfortune to lose, in somewhat close succession, his son, his daughter, and his wife. It is now announced that his only surviving blood relation—his brother, Mr. Frank T. Toole—is dead. It is not often that anyone is subject to so long a series of domestic afflictions as that which "Our Only Comedian" is fated to mourn.

Gustave Flaubert was superstitious, and a believer in the migration of spirits. At the banquet given him in 1880, when the dessert was on the table, a young lady approached to place on his head a crown of flowers. But it was too large and slipped over his shoulders, an accident which inspired him with the strange thought, "I feel as though I were coffined." A week after he was dead, dying as he had wished, very suddenly. "I would like," he would say, "to disappear like a flash of lightning." Then he would add, "I would at least have the satisfaction of knowing that there would be no discourse over my grave."

It is whispered in New York that the lion's share of the engagements for the season has been made by Mrs. E. L. Fernandez. The reason is obvious. Wherever one goes one hears nothing but kind words of her—her consideration, her urbanity, her politeness, her never-failing good humor, are always descended upon, and so waiting in her parlors is robbed of some of its torture, and is made less to resemble the fate of the domestic help seeking whom it may devour than it does in other offices. Strange world of ours that ordinary civility should be at such a discount that when it appears it wins "in a canter hands down."

Victoria Vokes made a dismal failure of her first night at Philadelphia. There is no doubt

she was unnerved—over-worked with rehearsal and excitement. As she is not a novice on the stage, there can be no talk of incapacity. She was ill, and that's all that can be said about it. Cecil Clay and his wife (Rosina Vokes) were in a box, and their mortification was really pitiable. It would have been far better to have made an excuse and dismissed the audience. However, Miss Victoria has redeemed herself since, but she owes it entirely to her past reputation. She has my sincere sympathy, for she is one of the best of women, and in every sense a clever actress.

Ellen Terry, Mary Anderson and Mrs. Langtry are all three equally extravagant in the price they pay for their gowns. The material may cost one, five, or ten pounds a yard if it is prettier than any other. Mme. Auguste made Mrs. Langtry the two principal dresses she is wearing as Esther Sandraz. The Pompadour dress is of turquoise blue silk and satin trimmed, almost strewn over with pale pink roses. The front of the low bodice is composed of graduated bows of pink ribbon, and there are old lace ruffles in the sleeves. The dress Mrs. Langtry wears as a shepherdess is of yellow brocade with an accordion skirt of white crepe de Chine. The bodice and skirt are ornamented with trails of yellow roses, colored lilac, and loops and buds of mauve ribbon. A large leghorn hat, trimmed with bunches of roses, lilac and mauve ribbon, is worn with this costume. The silver-mounted crook is decorated with flowers and ribbon to match the hat. Mrs. Langtry is said to have no taste for jewelry.

Money making is the evident aim of dramatists, managers and actors, consequently the water tank, the fire engine, the shipwreck, Irish humor and barroom wit are relied upon at a majority of the local theaters to attract the dollars of the vast transient population temporarily housed in this city, says the *New York Mercury*. It would appear that it has become necessary to import the better class of stage wares for domestic consumption, as is apparent in the engagements concluded for the occupancy of the leading local theaters by Signor Salvini, by Wilton Barrett and company, by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and their forces, by Charles Wyndham and his comedians, by William Terriss and his organization, by the sisters Victoria and Rosina Vokes and their respective companies and by the London Gaiety burlesquers. This is a pretty good showing for the traders in foreign dramatic merchandise, who are indebted to the prevailing traveling combination system for the profitable trade which promises to reward their business enterprise. Stock companies, the only genuine dramatic training schools, are no longer in vogue, because the speculators who traffic in mechanical stage nightmares and claptrap sidewalk wit find it much easier and more profitable to act as theater janitors under the misplaced title of managers than it would be to select and direct plays entailing mental and physical labor. Hence it is that show shops, presenting Tin Babies, Bunches of Chestnuts, and Rag Soldiers are in the majority, although some of them, as a bait to the uninitiated, announce a scale of prices ranging from ten cents admission to half a dollar for the best seats. Such show shops do not always live up to their promises, although they do provide a few very uncomfortable places for greenhorn patrons at a dime per foot of space. The bulk of the interior of such places is arranged to yield an average of thirty-five cents for each adult patron. The method adopted is very simple. The would-be cheap show patron buys a ten or even twenty-cent ticket which he discovers upon entering the auditorium will place him among the countless occupants of the rear of the gallery or in the "thick" of the seething "standees" at the back of the seats. An usher gruffly tells him he can get his ticket exchanged by paying twenty-five or even fifty cents for one with a "kue-poon" which will entitle its holder to one of a forest of vacant chairs in front of the "standee" barrier, and he accepts the alternative with set teeth, pays his money and concludes that he is buying Gotham experiences. This is, however, not legitimate theatricals, and unless foreign countries are to be relied upon for future supplies of intellectual acting, local managers must form native stock companies so that the American stage may be rightfully occupied by its own trained talent.

Saved a Life.

Solomon Isaacson—Haf you heard the news, Shabach, dot I haf safed dhose lifes of Reuben Cohen this morning alretty?

"Nein, mine frendt, how was dot?"

"He fell off de dock and couldn't swim."

"Und you schumped in und huppelled him out?"

"Ach, Du tieber! I schreams, 'come out und I pays you dot ten dollar I owe you,' und he climbs dot water out like a dook."

Had Friends There.

Fred—You see, Albert, I gave up my Sunday school class in order to take charge of a Bible class in the prison.

Albert—You must feel a little awkward among strangers, do you not?

"Oh, I knew several of them. One of them used to be one of father's most trusted clerks, and another was at one time an old Sunday school teacher of mine."—*Time*.

The Whole Truth.

Judge—Miss, what is your age?

Witness—I am past twenty.

Judge—You must be more explicit.

Witness—Well, I am between twenty and thirty.

Judge—No more trifling. State your exact age.

Witness—I'll be thirty day after to-morrow.

—*Omaha World-Herald*.

Too Late.

After the wedding ceremony a friend of the family took the father of the bride apart and whispered to him: "I observe that you do not seem to be aware that your son-in-law is over head and ears in debt."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain; and I am convinced he has only married your daughter with the object of paying off his creditors with the dowry."

"Why did you not mention this before?"

"He owes me five thousand dollars!"

He Got It.

Silker—What is it, my man?

Tramp—I have four cents. If you put six to it I'll blow you off to a beer.



A Queen's Park Idyl.

For Saturday Night.

A seedy tramp, beneath a tree
His ragged length doth stretch,
And, while the weather waxes hot,
Full many a pant doth fetch.

A festive boy, with fiendish grin,
Approacheth from the rear;
The grin increaseth, verily,
As quick he draweth near.

The tramp's head droopeth heavily;
Things round about grow dim,
When lo! the boy, with pin sharp,
Severely jabbeth him.

The tramp right lustily doth howl,
And reacheth for the boy,
Who, safely speeding o'er the eard,
Explodeth much with joy.

Adown the dale, at don't quick,
Cometh the cop full sterner,
And to the bastille suddenly,
The tramp's swart face doth turn.

Tis quiet now, where erst that howl
The nocturnal air did rend,
One heareth but the locust's grate—
Thus doth my idyl end.

Star Eyes.

For Saturday Night.

Long I rested in the shadows
Of an ancient forest dim,
Where the golden sunlight flooded
Lofly pillar'd halls within;
Where a silver woodland mirror,
Clear reflects the silent leaves
With the graceful ferns and rushes,
And the web the spider weaves.

Still I lingered when the brightness
Faded from the crimson West,
And the ebon robe of evening
Fell upon the water's breast;
For the starry eyes of Heaven
Gazed upon me dreamily,
And among them, brightly shining,
Looked the eyes of Emile.

Tender eyes 'mid darkness beaming,
Gazing on me in the night,
Many years will roll in darkness
Unillumined by your light;
But whenever the eyes of Heaven
Look upon me from the skies,
Bends upon me from among them
Brighter light from dearer eyes.

G. B.

"Lost."

There were six that went out in the morning of life
From the sweet old home on the farm—
Six, with the prayers of a mother's heart
To guide and shelter from harm.

Down to the city of glare and sin,
With souls that seemed steady and strong,
Six in the beautiful morning of life,
And one of the six went wrong!

Stalwart were they, but their baby days
Were a memory still to the soul,
That waited and watched in the lonely home,
And dreamed with pride of their goal.
And then the message of wealth and fame,
In business and art and song—
Five gaining crowns that the world saw and praised,
But one of the six went wrong!

Pride flashed the word to the mother's heart,
And laid its wealth at her feet,
Valor and glory and fame came there,
With messages loyal and sweet.
Fervent the love that returned her own,
Tender, rewarding and strong,
But the sad eye wandered in piteous quest
For the one of the six gone wrong!

"Oh, where is my bonny sixth boy to-night?"
Wailed the heart that longed in vain—
"What is the laurel or glitter of gold—
To the throbbing and the fever and pain?
These five are safe, but the lost one I crave,
Vainly I look and long:
Lost!—and the heart of the mother broke
For the one of the six gone wrong!"

Too Sick to Go to School.

When brother Jack and I were boys,
Full twenty years ago,
We never feared to go to school
Thro' storms of sleet and snow;
But summer weather made us sick—
When forests beckoned cool—
Not sick enough to feel bad,
But too sick to go to school.

On rainy days 'tho seas of mud
Undoubtedly we sated,
But when the pleasant weather came,
Our constitutions failed,
Or if a circus chanced to come
It found us, as a rule,
Not sick enough to feel bad,
But too sick to go to school.

Oh, often in the morning
We woke in woful plight,
But after father went to work
Our illness all took flight.
We hunted up our fishing rods
And sought some shady pool—
Not sick enough to feel bad,
But too sick to go to school.

One day our father happened home
As we came straggling in
And drew us gently o'er the edge
Of the potato bin.
That afternoon we sadly sat
Beneath the teacher's rule;
Quite sick enough to feel bad,
And too sick to go to school.

Ladies and Women.

The saleslady shines in a silken attire,
The price of scant comfort and long-boarded hire;
The chambermaid lady in garments of white
And ribbons of scarlet appeals to the sight;
The bluest of plumes the cook-lady shows,
And fills up the sidewalk wherever she goes;
And even the wash-lady proudly steps by
In valveteen ruffles that startle the eye;
While the woman they wait upon goes about town
In a plain little, brown little, tailor-made gown.

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dancer," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER VIII.

When dinner was over, the warmth of the evening tempted Lady Hartog and her lady-queens out on to the lawn. The men did not linger long over their claret and the discussion of the day's sport, but soon joined the graceful figures moving ghost-like over the velvet green turf.

There was no moon; the stars shone high in the heavens; the night was fair and clear, and the air was full of the fragrance of flowers. Presently from within the house came the sound of skiff hands playing on the piano in the drawing-room the first chords of a brilliant yet dreamy waltz, and in a few moments half a dozen couples were circling round on the largest lawn in an impromptu dance.

The music brought out those of the men who yet lingered in the dining-room, and among these was Hugh Cameron, who had been engaged in a political argument with Lord Nugent which he could not, without rudeness, have ended earlier.

"Stanley is dancing with Mr. Melville," said Lola, as she floated by Hugh in the arms of a handsome young soldier, whom, "detritment," though he was poor Lola found very charming.

"You were too late," remarked Lady Becham, coming up to him. "That young enthusiast forestalled you. Poor boy, it cannot be very pleasant to be hopelessly in love as he is! Are you not jealous, Hugh?"

"Horribly," he answered, laughing—"so horribly that I can scarcely conceal the pangs I suffer! Are you wise," he added, changing his tone, "to expose yourself to the night-air? Let me get you a shawl."

"Oh, no—there is no need! I am not cold. Are you not going to ask me to dance?" she asked lightly. "I believe it is against my doctor's orders; but I think I cannot resist just one waltz with you—if you ask me."

"Ought I to ask you?" he said dubiously. "Ought I to encourage you in disobeying the doctor's orders?"

"Oh, is life such a very precious possession?" she asked him jestingly, as she put her hand upon his shoulder.

"It should be to you," he replied, placing his arm around her waist.

"To me!" she whispered. "I care so little for it that I should welcome death this moment!"

"Lady Becham!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, it is quite true," she declared recklessly. "If you knew how I have suffered! But—she laughed as she broke off—"I have no right to intrude my sorrows upon your happiness. Let me go to you again, my old friend, how charming Miss Gerant is."

"My happiness has not made me forget your goodness to me," he said gently. "Is your sorrow one that you can confide to an old friend like myself?"

She laughed again, a strange bitter reckless laugh which jarred upon his ears.

"An old friend!" she echoed, with a catch in her voice. "I cannot tell you my sorrow; but it has been so great, so bitter, that I will, as I have said, make the door with which the doctors threaten me welcome! Stop now, Hugh; I am tired."

They had reached the farther end of the lawn, which was overshadowed by trees. As the young man passed obediently, he felt that she rested heavily against his arm. He bent over her anxiously.

"You should not have waltzed," he said, remorsefully; "it has tired you. How wrong of me!"

Her head was drooping forward; but as she raised it and looked at him, even in the dim light the intense pall of her face alarmed him. "I am not very tired," she said, "and you were not wrong to give me a little pleasure. We shall not have many more waltzes together, although Miss Gerant is not likely to resent your attention to an old friend who so sorely needs your kindness."

Her voice altered, while her hand still rested on the young man's shoulder; he could feel that she trembled.

"You are cold!" he said, anxiously. "Let me take you to the house."

"Not yet," she murmured. "Bear with my weakness for a moment. I am not faint—only I have no strength to move."

"It was madness on my part!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "You were not fit to dance!"

"Ah, don't regret those few moments," she said, turning her beautiful eyes upon him in the gloom. "I was so happy for a moment that I forgot—it was like old times. They were very happy old times," she went on; "but there are happier still in store for you, Hugh. Do you know, I have just seen a girl who I think your beautiful fiancée does not like me!"

"I think you are mistaken," he answered. "I know she admires me greatly."

"But she does not like me. Is she not a little cold?"

"Cold? Stanley? Oh, no! She is rather reserved perhaps, but not cold!"

"Not cold!" she repeated. "Then she is very proud!"

"I think she is proud," he answered, smiling. "But pride, as I read once in a proverb, is a quality by which great things are achieved."

"She looks capable of great things," replied Lady Becham, musingly. "She is like a sainted lady of olden time who is proud and strong to endure. Tenderness would not suit her lofty style of beauty," she added. "I think nothing could make her bend or stoop or deviate an inch from the path of duty. I fancy she would sacrifice herself and what is dearest to her on earth rather than yield in anything she deemed right. It is a beautiful type of character—it belongs to nobler times than ours. I hope you will not find it difficult to get on with in every day life."

"I am not afraid," Hugh answered, coldly. "Shall I take you back to the house?"

"Have I vexed you?" she asked, quickly. "Is Miss Gerant so sacred in your eyes that you cannot bear to hear her spoken of by such an old friend as myself? Hugh, don't you understand that nothing can be of greater interest to me now than your happiness?"

The earnest tenderness of her voice softened his momentary irritation; she had put her little hand upon his arm, and he could feel it trembling as it rested there.

"You are very good!" he answered. "My future looks very bright, dear Lady Becham."

"Ah," she exclaimed, "but over the brightest skies clouds will come sometimes! If anything should part you—"

He held up his hand laughingly.

"Nothing can part us but death," he replied. "Lady Becham, to no king a friend as yourself I can speak freely. I love Stanley Gerant with the one love of my life—and she loves me. That being so, we can look forward fearlessly to the life before us, since it is to be spent side by side."

She made no answer, although the quietly spoken words had hurt her far more than the stab of a knife would have done, and involuntarily she put her hand to her side with a gesture of pain. The evening had been full of torture for her—torture which she had had to submit to in silence. She had known before coming to Combermere that she would suffer at the sight of Hugh Cameron's devotion; but she had not expected to suffer so keenly; and, although both Hugh and Stanley were far too proud and reserved to wear their hearts upon their sleeves, her jealous eyes had been quick to detect the perfect love and faith which existed between them. That first dinner had tried her patience severely. She felt

miserable, reckless, bitter, and there was a fierce longing in her heart to make Stanley suffer as she suffered.

"Perfect as she is, if she loves him she will be jealous," she had said to herself; and her dance with Hugh, her lingering with him in the semi-darkness of this distant and deserted part of the lawn, were all means to an end.

Every moment her own jealous pain was increasing, and with it her recklessness. It was the first time her beauty had failed to win for her the admiration and love she longed for; it was the first time too that her heart had been in her desire to please. She loved Hugh Cameron with all the passion of her nature; and she hated Stanley with equal intensity. If she could have killed her, she would have done so gladly and without remorse; but, since she dared not kill her, she would destroy her happiness. Stanley's proud serenity was maddening to her—her smiling indifference galled her almost past endurance. The girl's manner to her fiancée, calm as it was, seemed like an insult. How dared she look so perfectly happy and serene? How dared she meet Hugh with glances which told of such absolute trust, such profound tenderness, which pierced the gloom which woman who watched them to the heart?

A consuming feeling of envy held her in its dreadful grasp, and she did not try to shake it off. Stanley should suffer as deeply as she suffered, she vowed to herself. She would make Stanley must suffer, she would be easily consoled when the first pangs were over.

"It is very charming to see such perfect love and faith," she said softly. "It is like a little bit of a novel or an episode of those bygone days when people were in earnest, as they so rarely are now. It is very pretty and touching; but—she broke off with a reckless laugh—"it is a little amusing sometimes to worldly-minded people like myself."

"Is it?" he replied coldly. "May I say how delighted we shall be to think we have contributed to your amusement, Lady Becham?"

He spoke with evident constraint. He had liked Laura Becham much at one time—his liking had very nearly become love—and, on seeing her again, he had been touched by her delicate appearance and her half-jesting, half-pathetic allusions to her ill-health; but something in her tone when she alluded to Stanley angered him, although he was too free from conceit to think that his engagement could have given a moment's pain to this beautiful woman who had a legion of lovers sighing at her feet and had disclaimed them all.

"You are angry," she whispered, after a moment's silence; "but you need not be."

She drew nearer to him in the dim light and put her clasped hands upon his arm. She was so near to him that by bending his head he could have touched her face with his lips; her eyes, shining like stars in her pale face, seemed to burn as they rested upon his. Great as his love for Stanley Gerant was, his heart throbbed fast at the touch of Laura Becham's jeweled fingers.

"Do not be angry with me!" she whispered softly. "Have you not made me suffer enough this evening?" She broke again into a reckless ripple of laughter, then went on, in a low tone of bitter pain—"Do you remember a story of Hans Andersen's in a little German book who dances before the prince and his bride feels as if she were dancing on the blades of sharp swords, and that every time the prince smiles upon the bride one of the sharp points stabs her? That is how I have felt to-night! Ah, she said wildly, as she wildly drew from his arm and pressed them to her own heavily-beating heart. "It is not anger—it is pity you ought to feel!"

She turned from him with a low sob, and the next moment she was gliding away from him swiftly and unsteadily. A sudden impulse seized him to follow her, and he strode over the turf for a few paces; then, remembering Stanley, he paused and stood still. His heart was beating fast, his pulsing blood was throbbing with strange emotion. It was impossible for him not to understand her meaning and not to be stirred by it. She was so beautiful, she had been called so cold, that her weakness had come upon him with a greater force than the weakness of a more impressionable woman would have done.

He was filled with compassion at the thought of the pain she was suffering. He was dazed and bewildered; and yet the feeling uppermost in his heart was one of intense pity for the girl who had been so beautiful and so loved.

"She is ill and weak, or she would not have betrayed herself," the young man thought compassionately, as he remembered what she had said in the emotion of her first meeting with Stanley. "She is ill and weak, or she would not have failed during the past few weeks—and how she had glanced at him significantly, as if to remind him that he had been engaged to Stanley about that time. Lady Becham's pallor and delicate appearance were powerful persuaders for her just then, although Hugh Cameron tried to put his doubts and fears aside.

Stanley's voice, a few moments later, made the young man start from his reverie.

"Lady Becham is here," she said, coming up to him at the close of the impromptu dance. "She has gone to her room. I think she is not very well. Did you have a pleasant waltz, Hugh? I enjoyed it immensely, although I am a little tired to turn."

He smiled, and made some half-inaudible reply; for the sense of confusion was strong upon him still. The dance music had ceased; Carlos Melville had taken Lady Hartog's place at the piano, and was playing one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder*.

"Must you go to-morrow, Hugh?" the girl asked wistfully. "It is our picnic to Fountains."

Hugh roused himself with an effort, feeling thankful for the darkness; for he could not have met Stanley's eyes just then.

"I must go, darling," he said, as the girl slipped her hand within his arm and they sauntered slowly towards the house. "I am sure my father would not have sent for me unless he really wanted me; he is far too considerate."

"That is because he is so devoted to Lady Sara," rejoined Stanley, brightly. "I hope, if we live to be an old married couple, Hugh, we shall be as they are."

"Amen!" he answered fondly; then, with a sudden impulse, he added, eagerly: "Nothing in the world can come between us, Stanley! I know that, my darling; but I like to hear you say so. Nothing could tear your love from me—nothing could part us!"

"Only death!" she murmured, softly. "It parted my father and mother, Hugh. It alone could part you and me."

They were now in the house now, and the soft dreamy music sounded clear and distinct; the light from the drawing-room windows streamed out upon them, its soft gleams falling upon Stanley's earnest face. She had felt a little lace handkerchief under her chin; her eyes and cheeks were bright with excitement and pleasure; she looked so fair, so serene, so pure, that involuntarily he contrasted her with the beautiful passionate woman whose words were still sounding in his ears, whose heart seemed to be throbbing near his own, and he felt as if he were unworthy of this true-hearted girl who seemed so far above him. For a moment he hated himself for the sudden strange thrill of passion which he had felt at Lady Laura's touch; it seemed an infidelity to the girl who was to be his wife.

"You will not fail me," he said unsteadily, as they stood together for a moment outside the window—"you will not fail me, Stanley—unworthy as I am!"

"Unworthy!" she whispered softly. "I

should not have loved you had you been unworthy, Hugh!"

"Who could be worthy of you, my beloved?" he returned, with passionate fervor. "If you have a fault, it is your perfection!"

She laughed, looking up at him with tender regard.

"Would you love me better if I were yet more faulty than I am?" she asked gaily.

"I could not!" he answered, smiling. "It would be impossible!"

She laughed again, and they entered the drawing-room together. As they passed in at the French window a white-clad figure shrank farther back into the shelter of the long lace curtains, and the next moment glided to the other end of the room.

"That is Lady Becham," said Stanley carelessly, glancing after her. "I thought she had gone to her room."

Hugh's eyes followed the white figure with a remorseful glance, as he remembered, with a pang of compassion, the pathetic fairy tale to which she had alluded.

"But perhaps," he said to himself, "she did not hear."

CHAPTER IX.

Hugh Cameron left Combermere early the next morning before any of the house-party had appeared, except Stanley, who, in a pretty gray gown and a broad-brimmed gray hat, came down to pour out his coffee, looking very lovely notwithstanding the unusual expression of gravity in her eyes. Hugh himself looked rather pale and tired, she thought—as if he had not slept well—and he seemed depressed and talked little as she drove him to the station in Lady Hartog's carriage.

It was a pleasant drive in the fresh morning air, and the pretty ponies got over the two miles all too quickly for Stanley, who thought how dull the too quickly day would seem without Hugh. She had not forgotten all about Lady Becham and her momentary jealousy; she had remembered it on the previous night in the solitude of her room, and had confessed it and repented of it in her prayers.

Now again would she doubt Hugh, she had told herself; and a feeling of remorse so deepened the tenderness of her manner towards him that the young man had some difficulty in restraining himself from taking her in his arms and pressing her to his heart.

"If this is only Tuesday!" she said, as they stood together on the platform of the station.

"If I can, my darling," he answered fondly. "Of course I don't know how long my father will let me stay here, but I know he will not detain me unless he is obliged. In any case, Stanley, our visit here was to end on Saturday; and, if I don't see you before, we shall meet at Eyn-court on that day."

"If this is only Tuesday!" she said, smiling, with a wistful upward glance.

"Give me one of your flowers!" he said, touching a knot of yellow roses that she wore at her throat, as the train came into the station and he took his place. "Give me all of them, if I may, for I shall be sure that Melville will not get one!"

She laughed as she obeyed him and disengaged the flowers. He took them gently from her; and, as the train moved away, she saw her eyes, shining like stars in her pale face, seemed to burn as they rested upon his. Great as his love for Stanley Gerant was, his heart throbbed fast at the touch of Laura Becham's jeweled fingers.

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certain amount of pain and self-denial. With a sudden feeling of remorseful tenderness, he raised Stanley's yellow roses from his knee and once more put them to his lips.

Mr. Cameron was awaiting his son in the library of the handsome house at Queen's Gate, which once had been one of the pleasantest in London, but which now, owing to Lady Sara Cameron's ill-health, was scarcely occupied, save by the wealthy shipowner himself and his son; and the only entertainments given there were dinner-parties *en garçon* of a very recherche kind.

Philip Cameron, the head of the well-known firm of Cameron, Saxe and Co., was a handsome man between fifty and sixty years old. His features were regular, and from his mother, who had been an Italian, he inherited his velvety dark eyes. His hair and beard were almost white, the latter cut and trimmed à la Henri IV., and he was perfectly dressed, without being stiff or in any degree foppish. On the little finger of his left hand he wore a quaint old-fashioned signet ring.

Not only was he a handsome man, but he had that indescribable air which, for want of a better word, is called interesting. He was clever too—a politician who had made his mark even as the shrewd far-seeing honorable man of business had increased the high reputation of his firm as well as its great wealth.

His social position was unassailable; and, had not his wife's ill health forced her to lead the life of a recluse, the doors of every great house in London would have been open to them.

Lady Sara's delicacy was however the only cloud on the horizon of Philip Cameron's life; for the few who had had the opportunity of witnessing it averred that their domestic happiness was perfect, and that after thirty years of married life they were lovers still.

There was a heavy shadow on Mr. Cameron's brow as he turned from his writing-table and threw himself into an arm-chair which stood near.

The room, which was large and lofty, contained some handsome bronzes and one or two fine marbles, but only one picture, which hung over the mantelpiece. It was the portrait of a beautiful young woman holding a child upon her shoulder. Both figures were replete with life, health and vigor, and the faces bore a strong likeness to each other; but, while in the mother's eyes, smiling though she was, lurked an indefinable look of sadness, the boy's laughing face was full of childish delight at his lofty position.

As he sat in his arm-chair, Philip Cameron's eyes rested upon the picture, and there came into them a great yet sorrowful tenderness. The wide world held nothing so dear to him even now as the woman portrayed there; for her love was greater even than his deep affection for his son; and yet from her hand he had received the one heavy sorrow his life had known—a sorrow which even now influenced his life in many and important matters.

"She must not know if I can help it!" he said to himself, as he looked up at the radiant lovely face with the haunting sorrow in its lovely eyes. "She must not know!"

Rising from his chair, he began slowly to pace the room—not with the restless uneven step of an excited man or one ill at ease, but calmly and thoughtfully, as if the regular movement aided thought. Once he passed before the writing-table and looked down for a moment at the concluding lines of a letter which he had written half an hour before, and which still lay open upon the blotting-pad.

"It was impossible to do otherwise," he said, half aloud. "There was no alternative. But Hugh—will he accept the reasons I can give him? My boy—my poor boy!"

The shadow deepened on his face as, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, he turned away and recommenced pacing up and down the room.

(To be Continued.)

A Precious Relic.

"That's a very funny old cane you have got there. I'd like to buy it from you."

"Can't sell it. It is an old family heirloom. I wouldn't sell it for anything in the world. My great grandfather used to maul my great-grandmother with it."

Visitor—Is the editor in?

Editor (as he does the vanishing act)—Yes, e-s.

Visitor—Excuse me, but I only wish to show you the patent Automatic Revolver fan, only twenty-five cents each.—Life.

When She Was Sure.

"It's always a relief to me when it comes time to pay off Bridget," said Mrs. Howeskeep.

"Why?" inquired her husband.

"Because that is the only time when I feel positive that she doesn't employ me."

Misunderstood the Second Syllable.

The young woman (on the platform of Eiffel tower)—Doesn't it seem strange to you, Mr. Spoonamore, that so little oscillation is noticeable up here?

The young man (eagerly)—Not at all, Miss Ethel. I have no doubt there is a great deal of it indulged in here, but I can't be seen from below. The elevation is too great. And now,

Miss Ethel, you will—I am sure you will pardon—

The young woman (arresting his forward movement by a freezing look)—I said oscillation, Mr. Spoonamore, not oscillation. (After a depressing silence)—I think, Mr. Spoonamore, it is time to descend.—Chicago Tribune.

Not The Only One.

"My friend," said one passenger to another in a railroad car, "excuse me, but is that liquor you're drinking?"

"It is that."

"And how much, may I ask, did you pay for that bottle?"

"Fifty cents."

"Fifty cents! I never spent fifty cents in my life for liquor."

"You ain't the only one, my friend, that sponges for his drinks, but you ain't going to get any of this, you bet!"

WOMEN AND MICE.

The reason why a woman is afraid of a mouse is a profound mystery—indeed, it has never been very clearly proven that she is. But some women are constantly in such a nervous, irritable condition that the slightest thing annoys and startles them. The cause of this unfortunate state of affairs is usually some functional derangement; some distressing or painful irregularity, some derangement or peculiar weakness incident to her sex; or, it may be due to inflammation, ulceration or displacement of some of the pelvic viscera, or to other organic lesions peculiar to her sex. From whichever cause it may arise, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure, so certain in its curative results that its manufacturers sell it, through druggists, under a guarantee of giving satisfaction, or a full refund of money paid for it will be promptly returned. As a soothing and strengthening nerve, Favorite Prescription is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

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AT</

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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CHAPTER XXVII.

"You had much better give it up, Lucille," said Laurence Doyle. "I really don't think it is at all a safe thing to do—anybody might see you there, and mention it to Sir Adrian. And after the fright we had the other night, too!"

"Oh, that has blown over completely! He has never alluded to it again; I quite persuaded him that it was entirely an accidental thing your dropping in, and that you came to see aunt Adelaide. I assure you he has never mentioned your name since."

"H'm," murmured Laurie dubiously—"that doesn't prove that he doesn't remember it! By George, when I think of his face as I came in, I never had such a turn in my life—it made me turn quite cold!"

They were walking slowly together along the path which runs parallel to Park Lane. It was six o'clock, a mild fine winter evening, and it was pitch-dark. Since the entrance of the by-gone unlucky evening Lucille had been afraid to allow Laurence Doyle to come openly to the house; and so she had arranged to run out from her aunt's house as soon as Adrian's afternoon visit was over—he usually went away at half-past five—and meet Laurie at the little gate in the park at the end of Green street.

It was the day before the Uxerton races, and Laurie was trying to persuade her to give up her wild and perilous expedition. He might as well have endeavored to move the Marble Arch, upon which his eyes were fixed.

Lucille looked forward to the adventure with all the zest and delight of a child who is plotting an escape from school. The fact that Adrian had forbidden her to see Laurence Doyle only increased her determination to go her own way, and the element of danger did but add fuel to the self-will and the reckless bravado which had completely taken possession of her.

She did not tell Mr. Doyle that her lover had forbidden her to see him; for she said to herself that men were cowards, and that it was of no use telling him everything. Nevertheless, he knew enough to be sure that she would get into serious trouble if she were found out; and he told her so very plainly and very emphatically.

"But I shall not be found out!" she cried indignantly. "I tell you he starts to-night for Scotland, and he will not be back for a week. He is coming to dine with us at a quarter past seven, and he is to bring his luggage round to Green street; so that I shall actually see him. You may be sure that I shall pick him off in good time to catch his train—trust me to do that!"

"And then there is Lady Elwyn. What are you going to say to her?"

"My dear Laurie, what a coward you are! I shall leave the house at half-past eight, before my aunt is out of bed. I shall tell her to-night that Kathleen has asked me to spend a long day with her, as that new companion of hers is going away, and I shall go out directly I have had my breakfast in my room. She will never know at what time I started; and I shall be back by dinner-time—you have promised me that."

"Oh, yes—I think we can manage that easily; but it seems a dreadful risk!"

"One would think that you did not want to have me with you!" she pointed, pretending to draw away her hand from under his arm.

"My dearest," he cried, holding it fast, "you know it is not that; you know that I shall be delighted to take you, and to be alone with you for so long—it will be a happy day for me!"

"But then I am afraid trouble may come of it afterwards for you, Lucille," he added very seriously, "suppose by any chance Deverell should find it out, and suppose it should make a quarrel between you, and suppose your engagement came to an end—would you marry me then?"

"Suppose, and suppose, and suppose!" she echoed, mockingly. "My dear Laurie, I was always a bad hand at guessing conundrums, and don't ask unanswerable questions! And now I must run home; and at half-past eight to-morrow morning, wet or fine, I shall be here by this gate to meet you. I have quite set my heart upon going; so it's of no use your saying any more about it. Good-bye!"

Under cover of the darkness she seized her suddenly in his arms and covered the beautiful face with passionate kisses—kisses such as no man on earth had the right to bestow upon the lips of the future Lady Deverell. But Lucille was neither angered nor insulted; she knew it was the one necessary penalty she was bound to pay for the enjoyment of her forbidden fruit. She liked him too in a way—and of the two men she preferred that Laurie should kiss her rather than Adrian.

When she reached home, cautiously opening the door, she saw her latch-key so that her aunt should not hear her, she stole up-stairs to her room, and opening her wardrobe, fastened her eyes on the pretty dark-gray dress and jacket trimmed with silver fox fur which she meant to wear on the morrow, and took out the dainty gray felt hat to match, and tried it on her shining head before the glass. It suited her to perfection; and in theapture of the prospect of wearing this new finery her conscience forgot to trouble her about the disgraceful action which she contemplated, nor did she even feel nervous about it.

Then her maid came made haste to dress in a simple black evening gown, and hurried down-stairs, to find Adrian and her aunt awaiting her for dinner.

Sir Adrian's luggage stood in the hall, and the mere sight of it was a great help to her, for it made Lucille feel quite gay and happy at the prospect of his departure. Long before there was the least occasion for it, she meant to tell the butler to have a cab summoned and the luggage placed upon it. She had said to Laurie that she was not going to let him miss his train.

Dinner was over at last. Deverell had swallowed his coffee and stood before the dining-room fire whilst the butler brought in his heavy furred traveling coat. Adrian consulted his watch.

"I have heaps of time," he remarked. "Our clocks here are rather slow," said Lucille.

"No—not by my watch. However, since the cab is here—would it be a pity if you missed your train?" said Lucille, who was nervously anxious to see him depart.

Lady Elwyn unconsciously played into her niece's hands by observing that for her part, she always preferred to have plenty of time at the station when she was going on a journey.

"Very well; I may as well start," Sir Adrian said, while the butler was helping him with his coat's button. He set light to his cigar with Lady Elwyn's permission, shook hands with her, and kissed Lucille lightly on the forehead.

In another minute he was off, and the sound of the cab wheels rolled away quickly down the street. Lucille seemed to breathe more freely; and then she and her aunt went upstairs.

happens to suit me; because, as Adrian will be absent, I shall have no ties at home."

"That is true! May I see her letter?"

"Unfortunately I have torn it up. There was nothing else in it. I think I may as well gratify her, and go directly after breakfast. You will not be up, aunt Adelaide, so that I will not disturb you in the morning. I shall be back in good time for dinner."

"Very well; perhaps you are right to go. Of course I can never set eyes on her again; it would make me ill to see her after all the trouble she has brought upon me." For by this time Lady Elwyn had almost persuaded herself to believe that Kathleen had killed her father.

"But your case is different. My dear, go if you like; and I will call upon and lunch with my old friends in Grosvenor place, so that I shall not miss you." And presently the ladies parted for the night.

Clever as Miss Maitland was, she had on this occasion been a little too clever—she had over-reached her mark. She had said to Laurie that she would see that Sir Adrian went off sufficiently early to catch his train, and she had dispatched him in such good time that when he looked at his watch as the cab was turning into Oxford street, he found that he had over-forty-five minutes in which to get to Euston station. He determined to drive to his club and call for his letters.

The cab horse was a good one. In seven minutes Sir Adrian reached Pall Mall. He ran up the steps of his club and the porter handed him one letter.

He tore it open hastily and read:

The Lady Superior of the Nuns' Institute, Bloomsbury Square, presents her compliments to Sir Adrian Deverell, and writes to inform him that Mrs. Hyam returned last night to town, and is staying for two days only at No. 15 Tiverton street. She will be leaving London for a situation in Devonshire early on Friday morning."

Sir Adrian stood hesitating for a moment with the letter in his hand; then he turned to the porter and said:

"Go and take my luggage out of that cab and pay the cabman; and to himself he remarked, "Scotland can wait. I shall put off going until Friday. The chance of getting hold of Mrs. Hyam is too good a one to be thrown away."

He sent off a telegram to Edinburgh, wrote a note to Tiverton street making an appointment to call on the nurse at eleven o'clock the next morning, and spent the remainder of the evening quietly at his club.

On the following morning, punctual to the minute, he presented himself at the house in Tiverton street, and was shown into a small humbly-furnished parlor by a respectable old woman in a black net cap and a rusty black stuff dress.

"My daughter-in-law will see you directly, sir. Will you please take a seat?"

"Is Mrs. Hyam your daughter-in-law, madam? Then your name is Hyam too?"

"No, sir. My name is Cole; my son has just married."

"Oh, I see! Mrs. Hyam is now Mrs. Cole!" said Adrian, smiling; and then the door opened and Mrs. Cole the younger entered, whilst Mrs. Cole the elder disappeared.

"Well, I'm sure, Sir Adrian, this is a great honor to me! I am proud to see you, sir!" replied Adrian, with emphasis on the surname.

Mrs. Cole—late Hyam—smiled and looked down modestly; and, these little preliminaries being despatched, Adrian proceeded to business.

"I have come to see you, Mrs. Cole, because I want you to relate to me exactly what happened on the evening of Lord Elwyn's death. The woman looked startled; all her airs and graces vanished, and she was at once on her guard.

"I did my duty by Lord Elwyn, sir," she said stily.

"Every one knows that, Mrs. Cole; no one has ever doubted it. But will you, as a favor to me, try to recall every trifling incident that occurred previous to the unexpectedly sudden termination of Lord Elwyn's life?"

Mrs. Cole turned red and white; she looked at her questioner with evident apprehension, and seemed uncertain as to what she should say.

"My memory is not very good, sir," she began hesitatingly.

"Let me try to refresh it," said Adrian; and, as he spoke, he drew out his pocket-book, and began fingering ostentatiously two crisp five-pound notes.

"Mrs. Cole's countenance began to beam once more as her eyes fell upon them.

"Oh, sir, to a gentleman like you, as knows how to be the gentleman, of course I would not mind what I said, more especially as I feel sure you would not go and take the bread out of a poor woman's mouth by making use of anything against her!"

"Nothing that you can say shall be used against you, Mrs. Cole. For my own private satisfaction only I desire to find out the truth as to that evening's calamity."

not to speak. I just waited a minute to listen if all was quiet after she had gone into the room, and then I ran down-stairs; and the very next thing I hear is all them screams and shrieks upstairs; and, when I came rushing in, his lordship lay in his death-agony on the floor, and the lawyer-gentleman was kneeling by his side and the pretty young lady, screaming the house down, rushing along the passages towards the staircase."

There was a moment's silence; then Adrian said very gravely:

"You know that young lady's name, Mrs. Cole?"

"Yes, sir; I was told afterwards. It was Miss Maitland, her ladyship's own niece; and I was told too that she had no love for Miss Elwyn, and would have liked to persuade her uncle to change his will before he died."

"Mrs. Cole, tell me what you really think happened—was Miss Maitland to blame?"

"Yes, sir, decidedly, because I warned her most particularly not to agitate the patient, and told her that it would be most dangerous if he got excited; and she certainly must have weakened him up and said something to agitate and excite him. Why, the very fact of her calling the lawyer shows that! Why did she call the lawyer? If I'd been there, I'd never have let that lawyer into the room, sir—not till his lordship had had a night's rest at any rate. Oh, I take blame to myself, sir, I assure you! I know I ought never to have left the poor gentleman. But there—the best of us is but human, Sir Adrian—and it's been a lesson to me, anyhow!"

"What you tell me is very serious, Mrs. Cole," said Adrian, after a pause. "I have written it all down, but not for any other purpose save my own satisfaction. I do not mind informing you that what you tell me only corroborates my own very strong suspicion. But of course your story will not be made use of against you—in fact, it could not be so used, as there is no one else to testify to its truth."

"Well, I'm not so sure of that, Sir Adrian. There's my husband as could swear to my going down-stairs and to the death of time I stayed out of the room. Ah, here he is, sir! You remember John, I dare say, as was upper-footman at the Castle?"

And, to Sir Adrian's intense surprise, the latter footman, Mr. Clotell Towers entered the room and announced himself to be none other than John Cole.

"Yes, sir," said his wife, in explanation, "me and John settled it together at that time. I had met him once before two years ago, so we were old friends; and it were that very evening as I stole down into the pantry to see him that John gave me a glass of sherry and asked me to marry him."

"And it took twenty minutes to do it?" remarked Sir Adrian, with a smile.

By this time the rustling bank-notes had been transferred from Adrian's pocket-book to Mrs. Cole's far more comfortable hands; and so, as the object of his visit had been accomplished, he wished the worthy couple all good fortune and happiness and bade them adieu.

When he was outside in the street again, he raised his hat for a moment from his head and drew a long breath of relief.

"Now for Lucille," he said to himself. "With this evidence I must force her to confess all and to vindicate Kathleen's honor. She must do so in writing freely and completely, or I shall refuse to marry her. But she will do it. My name and fortune are too highly prized by her—she will not sacrifice them. What I will do then shall be this. I will marry her, and she shall have her settlement and her share of my fortune; but we shall separate afterwards. I will have a deed of separation drawn up which will nullify both signs immediately after our marriage. I will be her husband in name only. Those are the terms I will lay before her. I shall be as far from Kathleen as ever; but at least I will not be forced to live with a woman whose character I loathe and detest. And for whom I have not one spark either of affection or esteem!"

He determined to wait until the hour of his usual afternoon visit to Green street. He had letters to write and some business matters to transact, and it was not till six o'clock in the evening that he entered Lady Elwyn's drawing-room.

He found that lady alone.

"Why, Adrian," she cried, in astonishment, as he entered, "you have not gone to Scotland then?"

"No. I was stopped at the last moment by some important business. I shall go to-morrow night instead. Where is Lucille? I want to see her."

"She has not come home. She went to spend the day with Kathleen Elwyn. Very kind of her, wasn't it?"

"With Kathleen Elwyn!" repeated Adrian, in amazement. "How very strange!" He glanced at the clock.

"She will be in directly; she is coming back for dinner. Will you wait, Adrian?"

"Yes, if you please. I want to speak to her particularly. Don't let me disturb you, Lady Elwyn, if you would be back."

He took up a newspaper, and Lady Elwyn went back to her novel. They waited like this for the best part of an hour, and still Lucille did not return.

(To be Continued.)

Satiated.



Mr. Wm. G.—Say, Nans, will you take luncheon with me? I know where there's a nice lot of fresh tomatoes.

Miss Nan says: Thank you, Billy; but I've just eaten half of Mrs. Mooney's wash, and I couldn't hold another mouthful.—Puck.

Bustles Going Out.

Miss Kuntrified (to dry goods clerk)—Have you got any bustles?—Clerk—A few. Bustles are going out, you know.—The Whistler.

True Enough.

Postmaster—The letter is too heavy; it wants another stamp. Countrywoman—Why, that will make it heavier still!

She Took a Pull Herself.

Some Edinburgh students, on a football tour to Glasgow, wished to secure a carriage for themselves. An old woman came rushing forward as the train was about to start, when one of the students exclaimed, "Smoking compartment, mistress."

The old woman became anxious to get in, exclaimed, "Never mind!"

After the train started the students chuckled one to another, closed the windows and venti-

Good morning

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lators, and all began to smoke. After they had been full half an hour on their journey—the carriage being full of smoke—one of them felt sick, and took his pipe out of his mouth.

Old woman—If ye're dune, sir, wad ye gie's a bit draw, as I forgot my pipe in the bustle to catch the train?

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Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Two.)

daughter of James McMullen, M.P., of North Wellington, to Mr. Walter T. Dickey, son of Mr. N. Dickey of Kansas City, formerly an alderman of Toronto, took place Wednesday, September 18, at Knox Church, Mount Forest, in the presence of a large assemblage. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. McMullen of Woodstock and Rev. B. N. Grant of Orlino, uncles of the bride, assisted by Rev. D. Birkie of Mount Forest. The groomsmen were Mr. W. McMullen and Mr. J. Logan. The bride looked charming in white silk faille, brocade front, court train, veil and orange blossoms; her only ornaments were diamond earrings, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids, Miss Louise McMullen of Woodstock, cousin of the bride, and Miss Nanno Hughes of Toronto, wore Empire gowns of cream Henrietta cloth, veils and gold necklaces, also the gift of the groom. The train-bearers were little Miss Ethel Anderson of Arthur, who was attired in a quaint gown of yellow silk, and carried a basket of chrysanthemums, and Master Rossin Jamieson, who wore a Fauntleroy suit. The ushers were Mr. W. G. McMullen of Woodstock and Mr. Ab. McMullen. The presents to the bride were remarkably numerous and exquisitely handsome. After the marriage the invited guests repaired to Maitland Hall, the residence of the bride's father, and partook of a sumptuous lunch, at the close of which sparkling speeches were made, and telegrams of congratulation were read from Hon. W. and Madame Laurier; Hon. Edward and Mrs. Blake; Mr. and Mrs. Dickey, Kansas City; H. Malcolmson, Chatham; P. Hughes, Toronto, and others. The happy couple left on the four o'clock train on their wedding trip east.

SIMCOE.

The first party of the season was given by Mrs. Sharp on Friday evening and was a very delightful affair. Mrs. McCowan of Stratford, Mrs. Sharpe of Toledo, Ohio, Miss Backus of Port Rowan, Mr. Puxley of London and Mr. Crawford of Aylmer were present. Mrs. Walter McCall, Mrs. J. C. Boyd, Miss Tisdale, Miss Gormley, Miss Bowly, Messrs. Campbell, Curtis, Wallace, McKenzie, Langmuir and Morrison were a few of the Simcoe guests. Mrs. J. C. Boyd, Miss Tisdale and Miss Wilson left Saturday for a few weeks' trip to the States. Miss Annie Bowly and Miss Lyon have returned from Toronto. Mrs. W. A. McCall has had a charming visit in Montreal. Miss Coles left Friday for a visit of some months in Chicago.

Later Music.

The concert season was opened on Tuesday evening by Signor E. Rubini's concert at the Pavilion with a fair attendance. Those taking part in the performance had evidently influenced their friends to attend, as almost every number was most rapturously received. Mile. Adele Strauss and Mr. H. M. Field were the principal professional artists taking part and have never more delighted their hearers than they did on this occasion. A noteworthy feature of the programme was the presence thereon of a number of compositions by Signor Rubini himself for voice, violin, cello and piano, which evinced most scholarly musicianship, as well as melodious inspiration. In the performance of these numbers, effective assistance was rendered by Miss Maud Harris, Herr Ernest Mahr, and Signor Napolitano. Hamilton contributed two young pupils of Signor Rubini, Messrs. Macpherson and Morley.

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"Confound it!" "What's the matter, Bromley?" "Why, whenever I reach in my vest pocket for a match it happens to be a toothpick, and when I fumble for a toothpick it's a match."

The Age of Progress.

At the Coroner's. Helter—This is certainly a progressive age. Skelter—How so? Helter—It used to be that death sent his summons by messenger; now he sends it by wire.

Tender Feet.

At the Whippersnapper Club. Flobson—What ails Dobson? I see he's going about on crutches. Snobson—Crippled for life, poor devil. Stepped on a cursed peanut shell last week and bruised the whole end of his little toe. Flobson—Good God! It's a wonder they didn't saw his cursed leg awf, bay jawve.—N. F. Truth.

At the Races.

Spykins—Why, Fyik, what's up? You look as if you had backed a short horse. Fyikins—Well, I didn't. I backed a long one—too long in getting to the pole.—N. Y. Truth.

Somewhat Sarcastic.

A lady entered a crowded street car, but nobody offered her a seat except a laboring man in a corner. With a graceful inclination of her head she declined the seat, saying: "No, I thank you; I do not wish to deprive the only gentleman in the car of his seat."

It's Old Enough.

Da-shaway (at the table sarcastically)—I think that Brown-Sequard's elixir might be applied with great effect to this chicken. Mrs. Slimdick (the landlady)—Yes, it might be applied to your account, it's old enough.

Two of a Kind.

The brother who testified to the effect that he had doubted the existence of a hell till convinced of its reality by blessed experience was matched by one other who prayed, "O Lord, make this room so hot that the devil can't stay here!"

Forcing Acquaintance.

Parkinson—Will you pardon me if I introduce myself? Your brother and I are members of the same company in the seventh. Miss Gartner—It is Mr. Parkinson, isn't it? I've heard Tom speak of you a great deal lately. Parkinson—Delighted, I assure you. Miss Gartner—Yes; he said you could play poker in the dark, and win every time.

Hadn't Read Juliet, But Thought Romeo Glorious.

Would-be Poet—And, my dear doctor, I have taken such delight in all the great poems that I am sure that poetry is my vocation. Eminent Litterateur—And—ah—my dear young lady—you—ah—have read Romeo—ah—and Juliet? Would-be Poet—Well, I haven't read Juliet, but I think Romeo is glorious.

It Can't Be Done Now.

For a year or more after we struck this town we could be kicked and cuffed with perfect impunity, even by a low-down Indian. We were knocked down, booted up and down the street, and had our nose pulled out of shape two or three times per week, and we never thought of

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Cor. Queen and Yonge

Is still to the front for Boys' and Youths' Ready-made Clothing Our Fall Stock is now replete in Boys' and Youths' Suits and Overcoats in all styles and prices. Don't forget that all our clothing is cut and made on the premises. Goods and workmanship guaranteed.

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THE CLOTHIER

Cor. Queen and Yonge Streets, Toronto

resisting. We were a tenderfoot of the tenderfooted sort, and it was a question whether we should pull through or not.

Let someone attempt to tweak our nose now! The offer of a hundred dollars in cash wouldn't tempt a man in town to try it on. We are no longer a tenderfoot. The man who sets out to lift us now has got to heat chain lightning. Every chap who has piled into us for the last ten months has had to be carried off on a shutter, and two of them, as the town record shows, sleep peacefully among the daisies.

Why He Couldn't Accept the Position.

Farmer's Son—Did you hire the man, father? Farmer—I wanted to, but he wouldn't accept the place.

F. S.—What did you offer him? F.—I offered him \$50 a month and to find himself.

F. S.—And he thought \$50 too little? F.—No; he was satisfied with the wages, but he said he couldn't find himself.

F. S.—Why not? F.—Because he is an ex-detective from Chicago. He said he never could find anything.—Boston Courier.

Laughing Too Soon.

"What's the matter?" the schoolmistress asked. "Back's sore, ma'am." "What made it sore?" "Pop pounded his thumb with a hatchet this morning and I laughed."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Woman's Way.

"Williams," said the editor of the Big Creek Ripscorper to his foreman, "I shall be away from the office for the next two weeks. In a day or two I shall pass through Chicago, and if there is anything you need for the mechanical department—"

"Who is to edit the paper while you are absent?" inquired Williams.

"My wife will attend to that."

"We shall need," said the experienced foreman, "about forty pounds of italics."—Chicago Tribune.

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O. B. SHEPPARD Manager.

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MR. ROLAND REED

In D. D. LLOYD'S Eccentric Comedy

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I beg to announce to my patrons and

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my business to Yonge Street as is the

impression with a large circle of my

friends, but am to be found at the old

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where I shall be pleased to see any of

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AMERICAN FAIR

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There has been great indignation against us in this city because, in the pursuit of our regular work, we have been selling school books less than the regulation prices. The Minister of Education has been appealed to to stop it, and the publishers have been threatened if they sold us further. We regret not meeting the approval of our competitors; but what can we do? Our work is to supply this community with goods at a closer price than they have bought before. The poor have large families; the rich small ones. When the reverse is true we may listen to the proposition to make school books and school supplies the exception in our work, but not until then. Our large store is full of valuable goods from the best known workshops of the world. There is but one profit between the user and the manufacturer, and that the very closest. No care or skill or persistence has been wanting to get the lowest possible price at which they could be bought, and our customers are always the gainers. Cash and one price are always our terms, and everything we sell is guaranteed as represented. Come and see us if only to look us over.

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Ludlow, who is waiting for his sweetheart to dress, is being entertained by her little sister, "What beautiful curling hair you have," says Ludlow to the little girl; "does it curl naturally?"

"No," answered the little one, frankly; "sister Lena does it up in papers for me every night."

"And does your sister Lena do her own up in papers too?"

"No, she takes them off every night and lays them on the bureau and curls them the next morning."

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Births.

JUKES—At Brandon, Man., on September 23, Mrs. Anfrw Jukes—a daughter.

McMAHON—At Alliston, on September 22, Mrs. Isiah McMahon—a son.

SPROUT—In Township of Equeus, on September 18, Mrs. John Sprout—a daughter.

WEDD—At Berlin, on September 21, Mrs. G. M. Wedd—a son.

HUDSON—At Toronto, on September 10, Mrs. Joseph Hudson—a daughter.

NISBET—At Sarnia, on September 16, Mrs. T. W. Nisbet—a daughter.

PLUMMER—At Toronto, on September 19, Mrs. A. E. Plummer—a son.

ANDERSON—At Toronto, September 20, Mrs. George Anderson—a son.

N. R. N.—At Goderich, on September 20, Mrs. Charles A. N. R. N.—a daughter.

MACPHERSON—At Inlington, on September 22, Mrs. John A. L. MacPherson—a son.

ELLIS—At Toronto, on September 18, Mrs. R. B. Ellis—a son.

ROLAND—At Oshawa, on September 20, Mrs. W. H. Roland—a son.

HANSON—At Toronto, on September 12, Mrs. T. Hanson—a son.

IRWIN—At Clover Hill, on September 20, Mrs. Harry Irwin—a son.

TYTLER—At Toronto, on September 24, Mrs. J. Tytler—a son.

Marriages.

CLARKE—LOUDON—At Queen street Methodist Church, on September 25, by Rev. Manley Benson, Herbert L. Clarke of Boston, Mass., to Lizzie, youngest daughter of the late Edward Loudon of Toronto.

CAMPBELL—MACKLIN—At Toronto, September 17, Edw. T. Campbell to Edith Macklin.

DICKEY—MCMULLEN—At Mount Forest, September 18, Walter S. Dickey of Kansas City to Kate L. McMullen.

ANDERSON—KERR—At Toronto, September 19, Frederick Charles Anderson of Ottawa to Minerva C. E. Kerr.

REID—SPENCE—At Toronto, September 19, John B. Reid, M.D., of Tilburg, to May F. Spence.

HAMILTON—WOODS—At London, Major J. R. Hamilton, M.D., to Elizabeth George Wood.

BRISTOL—ARMOUR—At Cobourg, September 21, Edmund Bristol, barrister-at-law, to Mary Dorothy Armour.

ARMSTRONG—HOISON—At Toronto, September 20, W. J. Armstrong, M.D., of Fullerton, Ont., to Susie Pillar Holson.

POPPERWELL—BROWN—At Toronto, M. S. Popperwell to Mary Brown.

PIERCE—BREAULT—At Toronto, September 19, Geo. Morton Pierce to Vi-toire Breault of Peterborough.

STONE—FINDLAY—At Toronto, Charles Edgar Stone to Elizabeth Findlay.

OGDEN—JONES—At Gananoque, September 19, Francis Ludlow Ogden of New York to Gertrude Jones.

STEVELY—TACKABURY—At Conestoga, N.Y., September 19, Samuel Stevely of London, Ont., to Maud Sophia Tackabury.

JEMMETT—MILL—At Napanee, on September 14, Francis S. B. Jemmett of Gananoque, to Rebecca G. Mill.

HOOD—WATSON—At Toronto, on September 18, Frederick C. Hood, M.D., of Lindsay, to Clara S. Watson.

HARRISON—WILSON—At Ridgeway, on September 17, Franklin T. Harrison of Toronto, to Emma Myrtle Wilson.

KURTZ—WILSON—At Toronto, on September 17, Dr. A. Kurtz of Neenah, Wis., to Maggie M. Wilson.

THOMPSON—MAY—At Chicago, on September 18, Alfred Burke Thompson of Penetanguishene, to Kate Worthington May of London.

TIDSWELL—YOUNG—At Hamilton, on September 19, William O. Tidswell to Kate Ethel Young.

WARWICK—GIFFORD—At Toronto, on September 18, John Warwick to Catharine Gifford.

WILLARD—PEARSON—At Toronto, on September 18, James C. Willard of Galt, to Lena Pearson.

Deaths.

KEEBLE—Accidentally killed on September 19, Henry Keeble of the Commercial Hotel, Toronto, aged 60 years.

MURRAY—At Toronto, on September 19, Mrs. W. A. Murray.

NORMAN—At Toronto, on September 19, Johnnie, infant son of J. W. and Dillie Norman.

MACFARLANE—At Toronto, on September 25, Robert MacFarlane, aged 22 years.

COTTECH—At Uxbridge, on September 24, Fanny Ganton Cottech of Toronto.

OGLE—At Toronto, on September 23, Mary Ellen Ogle.

McLAUCHLIN—At Hamilton, on September 23, Emily McLauchlin, aged 69 years.

CROSS—At St. Catharines, on September 20, Luther Cross, M.D., aged 18 years.

HOYLE—At Cunnington, on September 22, Fanny Hoyle, aged 40 years.

O'BRIEN—In West York Township, on September 23, Matthew O'Brien, aged 84 years.

BUDDEN—At Toronto, on September 22, George Budden, aged 70 years.

AYLMER—At Melbourne, P.Q., on September 20, Annie Elizabeth Aylmer.

NISBET—At Sarnia, on September 19, Ruth, infant daughter of T. W. Nisbet.

DAN—At Toronto, on September 20, James Dean.

BENTLEY—At Newmarket, on September 19, W. B. Bentley, M.B.

CURTIS—At Denver, Col., on September 11, S. W. Curtis of Brant.

M. HENRY—At Harrison, on September 20, Laura, infant daughter of Dr. S. M. Henry, aged 1 year.

BYRNE—At Toronto, on September 18, Eddy, youngest son of W. Ralph Byrne, aged 3 years.

REED—At Regina, on September 21, Georgina Adelaide Reed.

MITCHELL—At Toronto, September 19, John Ewart Mitchell.

EYRE—At Sudbury, September 19, Frederick Eyre, aged 27 years.

EYRE—At Sudbury, September 17, Emma Louise Eyre, aged 4 years.

JONES—At Toronto, September 22, Eugene Beatrice, only child of George and Annie Jones.

SAVOY—At Fort Erie, September 20, James Frederick Savoy, aged 18 years.

THOMPSON—At Toronto, on September 20, Thomas Marie Thompson, aged 70 years.

WENMAN—At Toronto, September 22, Jasper Wenman, aged 75 years.

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